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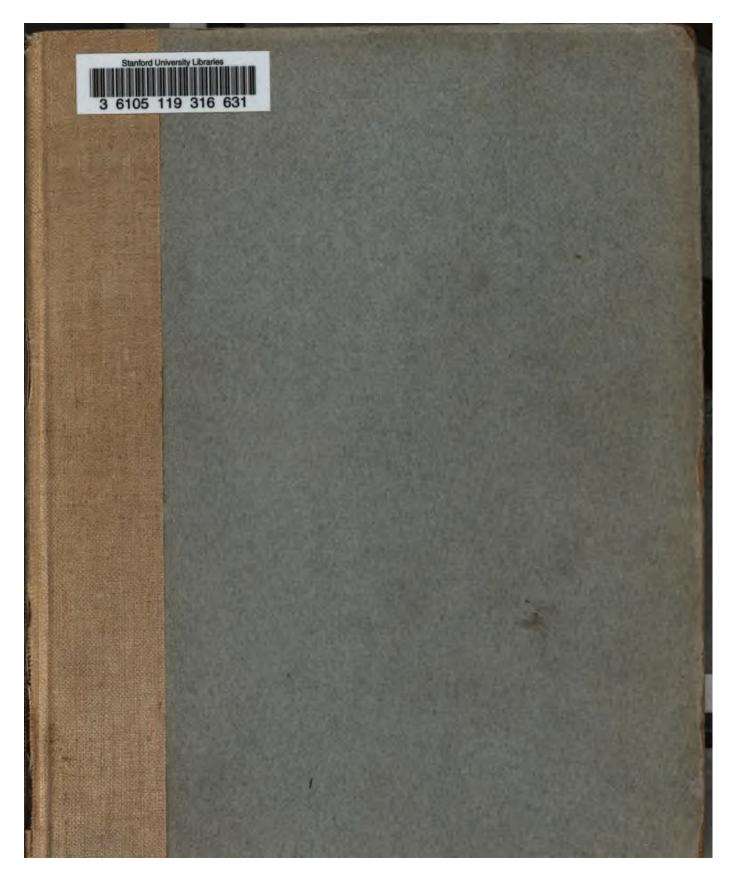
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## PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM & CO. AT THE CHISWICK PRESS

## THE TRAGICAL REIGN OF SELIMUS 1594

## 

THE MALONE SOCIETY REPRINTS
1908

This reprint of the *Tragical Reign of Selimus* has been prepared by W. Bang and checked by the General Editor.

Feb. 1909.

W. W. Greg.

YMARGII ROMA, GROMAGA MAAAA YMBRAACA No entry of Selimus has been found on the Stationers'

Registers.

The play was printed in quarto by Thomas Creede with the date 1594, and this is the only edition known. It is described on the title-page as 'The First part of the Tragicall raigne of Selimus,' and the epilogue promises a continuation, but there is no evidence that any such second part was ever written. In 1638 the unsold stock was issued by John Crooke and Richard Serger, with a new title-page as 'The Tragedy of Selimus Emperour of the Turkes. Written [by] T. G.' These initials are supposed to refer to Thomas Goffe, whose Turkish tragedies were then fairly recent. The prologue, which occupied the verso of the cancelled title-page, was not reprinted.

Of the original issue there are copies at the British Museum (C. 34. b. 43), and the Bodleian, two in the Dyce collection (one imperfect), and one in that of the Duke of Devonshire. Of these the first two have been collated throughout in preparing the present reprint, while all irregularities have been checked with the two Dyce copies. Of the later issue copies are found at the British Museum (643. c. 45) and the Bodleian. The former has been collated. The first and last leaves, presumably blank, are wanting in all copies seen. No variants have been observed. The text of the quarto is printed in an ordinary roman type of a body closely resembling modern Pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.), the prologue in the corresponding italic, and the epilogue or 'Conclusion' in a larger roman type of a body between modern English and Great Primer (20 ll. = 111 mm.).

With regard to authorship it may be said that there is exactly the same evidence for ascribing Selimus to Greene, as for ascribing the Battle of Alcazar to Peele. Six passages, namely, taken from Selimus are quoted

بالماد

What Theres?

above Greene's name in England's Parnassus (1600, s.v. Delay, Fear, Hate, Kings, Phoenix; see Collins' Greene, ii. 398-406). These passages correspond to the following lines of the quarto: 499-505, 1388-9, 1395, 35-6, 849-53, and 454-5, the only variations beyond points of orthography being 'Echinæus' for 'Echinæis' in 1. 455, 'the' for 'his' in 1. 500, 'them' for 'him' in 1. 502, the correction of 'Daniocles' in 1. 851. This is valuable evidence, but it cannot unfortunately be regarded as conclusive even of the compiler's opinion as to the authorship, for we elsewhere find Greene's name appended to three quotations from Spenser, while the description of Samela from Greene's Menaphon is assigned to Lodge.

The author of Selimus, whoever he may have been, seems to have drawn his material from the Turkish Chronicles of Paulus Jovius, but whether from the original

or from a translation is at present uncertain.

## LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS.

41. runne.	317. them (then)	588. fword (fword.)
42. fpright? (fpright.)	335. religions	596. Hnd
59. poore,	(religious)	597. faid thou
84, 89, 100, 163.	344. loue. (like.?)	609. aud
Selmi	351. where.	633. Ægyhtian
117. Enters	360. as the rest.	651. fonnes (fonne?)
139. gainst Persians	432. greeue:	652. Bassaies (Bassaes)
140. creaft.	434. leane on (leaue)	666. nere (here?)
143. Mustasta	496. sleept (steept)	677. pratronesse
147. Neroes (Meroes)	509. runnages,	691. witth
152. haruingers	(runnagates,)	723. Acomat Vifir,
171. matry (marry)	510. States,	(Acomat, Vifir,)
180. (indented)	511. Cherseo. Go	732. low (now?)
242. cafe.	(Cherfeoli, go	735. fuquidrie
265. him. (it.)	not indented)	(furquidrie?)

727.	Cytheree.	1365. honours	2070. it is must
7772	(indented)	(earers?)	2073-4. (a blank)
784	(indented) obedience	1381. bewitcyes	2077. to (from?)
104.	(difobedience?)	1420. Anthropomphagi,	2099. Diademe.
785	best:	1427. vnpuished,	2137. Coreut
	Baaizets	1432. Fmperour	2141. please (pease?)
	By (But)	1450. ruine (raine)	2147. Butis(Itisbut?)
	will (wile)	fhew'r (i.e. fhower)	2186. foule (foules)
	stedfast (i.e.	1466. Acomot	2231. hane
	stedfast'st)	1469. keeling	2248,2253,2268,2402.
812	he (he'll?)	1480. Puld (Pull?)	Alinda (Aladin)
	fare (fear)	1493. fo cut (fo to cut)	2254. them, (him,?)
	Ar (Or)	1531. (indented)	2272. leffon
	Daniocles	1634. Then(When?)	2291. Ianizars
	vnreasonables	1635. that (the?)	(Ianizaries?)
	peere, (peeres,)	1697. Auicemaes	2315. coul'ft
	Regian.	1754. incage(inacage?)	2318. after liue (liue
	messenger.	1756. am. (am now.?)	after or after-live?)
	Shall (To?)	1771. rages (raging?)	2335. die.
	Lord (Lords)	1773. flashing	2358. Ianizaries.
	refistance	(flashing?)	2367. Solima?
	to (vnto?)	1776. leaudftirreth	(Solima,)
	parley (parley.)	(i.e.lewdsteereth)	2369. massacres;
1181.		1780. vales (rules?)	2370. blood.
	thy (his?)	1787. chrillant	2386. resissance
	mote (more)	(thrillant?)	2387. Seli,
	Mahomet	fteele (fteele.)	2396. though brau'd
/3	(Acomat)	1790. tell (tells)	(though you brau'd)
1216.	curse:	1809. hall.	2397. Amanonian
	Ron. (Zon.)	1810. sleepe, (steepe,)	(Amazonian)
	bodie (bodies)	1829. For	2413. ftir (i.e. steer)
	tomblack (i.e.	1876. dies (dies.)	2421. buganets,
	tomb-black)	1915. And (To?)	(burganets,?)
1274.	fay: (fays:?)	1922. companie	2424. Heape (Heapt?)
	torne.	(companies?)	2430. Ianizaties,
1297.	disobedience.	1958. Bull. (speech	2431. Viffr, (Vifir,)
1298.		should run on)	2439. Scythia
1306.	compande,	1996. Mustaffa	(Scythian?)
1316.	men.	(Baiazet)	2463. Exit (Enter)
	Erymnies	2002. mortarie. (i.e.	2467. Selimus.
	endue (endure)	mortuary.)	2469. their fwords.
and the same of th	thy fifter (his	2018. earth	(his fword.?)
1000	fifter)	2061. Ampharaus	2485. Perfians.
1346.	fouldieis	(Amphiaraus)	2487. balles, (bulles,)
1000		vii	

2488.	pawes.
2489.	adamantiue
2494.	Ianizaries.
2492.	Hebras
	(Hebrus)

2501-2.	(lacuna?)
2519. ou	erpaft.
	rden (-guarded
	ly -guarden?)
2538. Ba	
2530. Di	HUZEL.

2542.	trees.
2553.	greatly (gently)
	trinmphant
2562.	their (his)

The conjectural readings in ll. 666, 1365, 1786, are from Grosart's editions. The text contains a rather unusually large number of roman capitals to italic words. The printer seems also to have been short of italic z. In two cases (ll. 2128, 2277) we actually find the form 'Baiazet.' The signature C 3 is misprinted A 3.

## LIST OF CHARACTERS,

in order of entrance.

BAJAZET, Emperor of the Turks. MUSTAFFA, his son-in-law. CHERSEOLI, follower of Bajazet. two Messengers from Selimus. SELIMUS, son to Bajazet, Soldan of Trebizond. SINAM BASSA followers of OTTRANTE Selimus. OCCHIALI ACOMAT, son to Bajazet, Soldan of Amasia. his Vizir. REGAN, follower of Acomat. CALI BASSA Courtiers of Bajazet. a Messenger from Corcut. MAHOMET, grandson of Bajazet, Prince of Natolia.

The Belierbey of Natolia. ZONARA, sister to Mahomet. Aga, follower of Bajazet. ABRAHAM, a Jew. BULLITHRUMBLE, a shepherd. Corcur, son to Bajazet, Soldan of Magnesia. his Page. SOLIMA, daughter to Bajazet and wife to Mustaffa. ALADIN AMURATH, or } sons to Acomat. MURATH a Messenger from Mustaffa. TONOMBEY, son to the Soldan of Egypt, ally of Acomat. The Queen of Amasia, wife to Acomat.

Janissaries, soldiers, messenger.

The spelling of several names varies. Selimus is often called Selim (sometimes misprinted Selmi), Tonombey appears as Tonombeius, and Aladin's name is persistently misprinted Alinda. The form Murath appears for Amurath in l. 2234. Similarly we have Natalia in ll. 1516, 2495, and Natolia elsewhere; Churlu in l. 2280, and Chiurlu in ll. 2163-5. Bassa is, of course, a form of Bashaw, the modern Pasha.

## THE First part of the Tra-

gicall raigne of Selimus, sometime Emperour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him that now raigneth.

Wherein is showne how hee most vanaturally raised warres against his owne father Bainzer, and prenaling therein in the end caused him to

Alfo with the murthering of his two brethren, Corent, and Acomes.

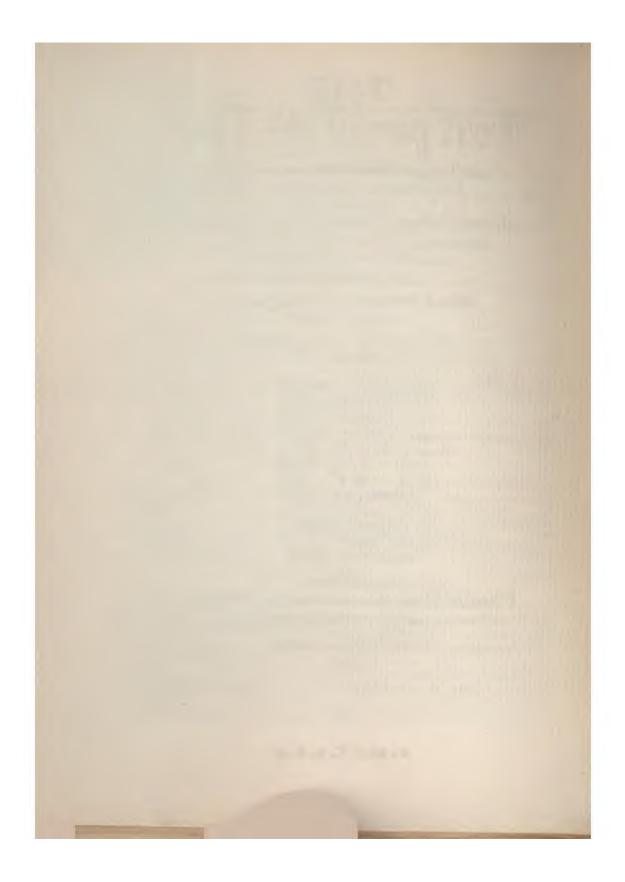
As it was played by the Queenes Maiellies Players.



LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, dwelling in Thames
ftreete at the figne of the Kathren wheele,
neare the olde Swanne.

1594





## THE FIRST PART OF THE

most tyrannicall Tragedie and raigne of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him that now raigneth.

Enter Baiazet Emperour of Turkie, Mustaffa, Cherseoly, and the Iannifaries.

## Baiazet.

The state of the state of

Faue me my Lords vntill I call you foorth, For I am heavie and disconsolate. Exemmall but Baiazet.

So Baiazet, now thou remainst alone, Vnrip the thoughts that harbour in thy breft, And eate thee vp, for arbiter heres none, That may discrie the cause of thy warest, Vnleffe thefe walles thy feoret thoughts declare, And Princes walles they fay, vnfaithfull are. . Why thats the profit of great regiment, That all of vs are subject vnto feares; And this vaine thew and glorious intene, Privie fulpition on each fcruple reares, I, though on all the world we make extent, From the South-pole vnto the Northren beares, And Stretch our raign from East to Western shore, Yet doubt and care are with vs evennore. Looke how the earth clad in her fommers pride, Embroydereth her mantle gorgioufly, With fragrant hearbes, and flowers gaily dide, A 3

Spreading



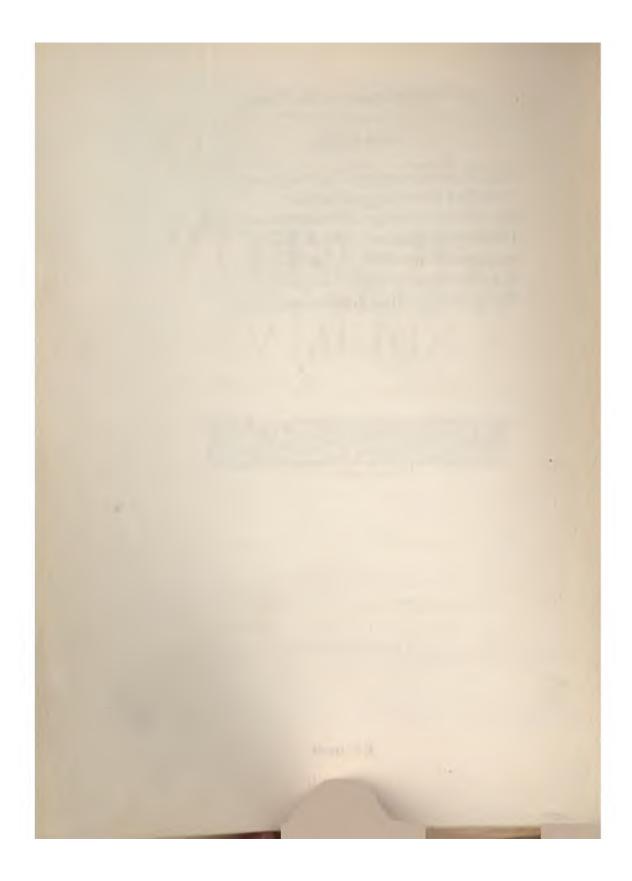
## of Sclimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

## Conclusion.

Thus have we brought victorious Selimus,
Vnto the Crowne of great Arabia:
Next shall you see him with tripmphant sword,
Dividing kingdomes into equal shares,
And give them to their warlike followers.
If this first part Gentles, do like you well,
The second part, shall greater murthers tell.

## FINIS.







# TRAGEDY SELIMVS

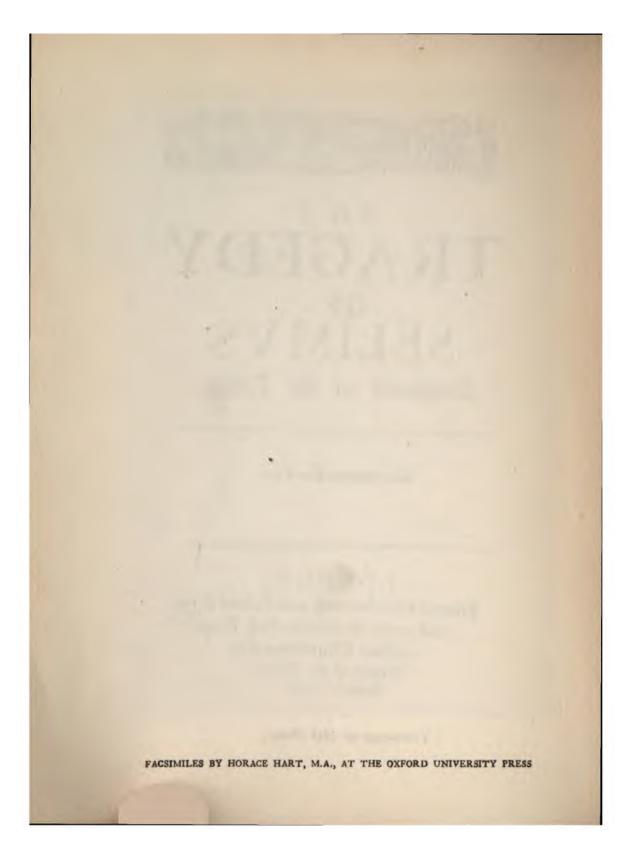
Emperour of the Turkes.

Written T. G.

## LONDON:

Printed for Iohn Crooke and Richard Serger and are to be fold at their shop in Pauls Church-yard at the signe of the Grey-Hound. 1638.

TITLE-PAGE OF 1638 (BODL.)



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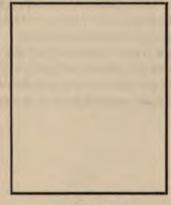
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Also with the murthering of his two brethren, Corcut, and Acomat.

As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties Players.



LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, dwelling in Thames ftreete at the figne of the Kathren wheele, neare the olde Swanne.

1594.

## Prologue.

No fained toy nor forged Tragedie,
Gentles we bere present unto your view,
But a most lamentable bistorie
Which this last age acknowledgeth for true.
Here shall you see the wicked sonne pursue
His wretched father with remorslesse spight:
And danted once, his force againe renue,
Poyson his father, kill his friends in sight.

You shall behold him character in bloud,
The image of an unplacable King:
And like a sea or high resurging sloud,
All obstant lets, downe with his fury sling.
Which if with patience of you shalbe beard,
VVe haue the greatest part of our reward.

Exit.

### THE FIRST PART OF THE

most tyrannicall Tragedie and raigne of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him that now raigneth.

Enter Baiazet Emperour of Turkie, Mustaffa, Cherseoly, and the Iannifaries.

## Baiazet.

Eaue me my Lords vntill I call you foorth, For I am heavie and disconsolate.

Exeunt all but Baiazet.

So Baiazet, now thou remainst alone, Vnrip the thoughts that harbour in thy breft, And eate thee vp, for arbiter heres none, That may discrie the cause of thy vnrest, Vnleffe these walles thy secret thoughts declare, And Princes walles they fay, vnfaithfull are. Why thats the profit of great regiment, That all of vs are subject vnto feares, And this vaine shew and glorious intent, Priuie fuspition on each scruple reares, I, though on all the world we make extent, From the South-pole vnto the Northren beares, And stretch our raign from East to Western shore, Yet doubt and care are with vs euermore. Looke how the earth clad in her fommers pride, Embroydereth her mantle gorgioufly, With fragrant hearbes, and flowers gaily dide, A 3

Spreading

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Spreading abroad her spangled Tapistrie: Yet vnder all a loathfome fnake doth hide. Such is our life, vnder Crownes, cares do lie, And feare the scepter still attends vpon. Oh who can take delight in kingly throne? Publike diforders ioyn'd with private carke, 30 Care of our friends, and of our children deare, Do toffe our liues, as waves a filly barke. Though we be fearelesse, tis not without feare, For hidden mischiefe lurketh in the darke: And stormes may fall, be the day nere so cleare. He knowes not what it is to be a King. That thinks a scepter is a pleasant thing. Twice fifteene times hath faire Latonaes sonne? Walked about the world with his great light: Since I began, would I had nere begunne To fway this scepter. Many a carefull night When Cynthia in hast to bed did runne. Haue I with watching vext my aged spright? Since when what dangers I have overpast, Would make a heart of adamant agast. The Persian Sophi mightie Ismaell, Tooke the Leuante cleane away from mee, And Caraguis Baffa fent his force to quell, Was kild himselfe the while his men did flee. Poore Hali Baffa having once fped well, so And gaind of him a bloodie victorie, Was at the last slaine fighting in the field, Charactering honor in his batt'red shield. Ramirchan the Tartarian Emperour, Gathering to him a number numberleffe, Of bigbond Tartars in a haplesse houre Encountred me, and there my chiefest blesse Good Alemshae (ah this remembrance soure) Was flaine the more t'augment my fad distresse, In leefing Alemshae poore, I lost more

Then

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Then euer I had gained theretofore. Well may thy foule rest in her latest graue, Sweete Alemshae the comfort of my dayes, That thou might'ft live, how often did I crave? How often did I bootlesse praiers raise To that high power that life first to thee gaue? Truftie wast thou to me at all assaies, And deerest child thy father oft hath cride, That thou hadft liu'd, so he himselfe had dide. The Christian Armies, oftentimes defeated By my victorious fathers valiance, Haue all my Captaines famously confronted, note the magazine And crackt in two our vncontrolled lance. level on with its The My ftrongest garrisons they have supplanted, plays stall out. And ouerwhelmed me in fad mischance: And my decrease so long wrought their increase, Till I was forc'd conclude a friendly peace. Now all these are but forraine dammages, Taken in warre whose die vncertaine is, conflict unmoderately part. But I shall have more home-borne outrages, Vnlesse my divination aimes amisse: I have three fonnes all of vnequal ages, GREAT opening at white And all in diverse studies set their blisse. Corcut my eldest a Philosopher, Acomat pompous, Selmi a warriour. Corcut in faire Magnefia leades his life, In learning Arts, and Mabounds dreaded lawes: Acomat loues to court it with his wife, And in a pleasant quiet ioyes to pause: But Selmi followes warres in difmall strife, And fnatcheth at my Crowne with greedy clawes: 4, 4,90 parts But he shall misse of that he aimeth at, For I referue it for my Acomat. For Acomat? Alasse it cannot be, Stearne Selimus hath wonne my peoples hart, The Ianisfaries loue him more then me: And

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

And for his cause will suffer any smart.

They see he is a friend to chiualrie,

And sooner will they from my faith depart,

And by strong hand Baiazes pull thee downe,

Ah, if the fouldiers ouerrule thy state,
And nothing must be done without their will,

If euery base and vpstart runnagate
Shall crosse a Prince and ouerthwart him still.

If Corcut, Selimus, and Acomat,

With crowns and kingdoms shal their hungers fill?
Poore Baiazet what then remaines to thee?

But the bare title of thy dignitie.
I, and vnlesse thou do dissemble all,

The Bassacs cruelly shall worke thy fall,
And then thy Empire is but deerly bought.
Ah that our sonnes thus to ambition thrall,
Should set the law of Nature all at nought.
But what must be, cannot chuse but be done,

Come Bassaes enter, Baiazes hath done.

Enters againe.

Cherfeoli. Dread Emperour, long may you happie liue,

Lou'd of your subjects, and feard of your foes:

That you will not vnto your Lords disclose.

Perhaps you feare least we your loyall Peeres,
Would prooue disloyall to your Maiestie,
And be rebellious in your dying yeeres.

But mightie Prince the heauens can testifie,
How dearly we esteeme your safetie.

Mustaf. Perhaps you thinke Mustaffa wil reuolt And leave your grace, and cleave to Selimus, But sooner shall th'almighties thunderbolt 130 Strike me downe to the cave tenebrious

The lowest land, and damned spirits holt

Then

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Then true Mustassa prooue so treacherous:
Your Maiestie then needs not much to seare,
Since you are lou'd of subject, Prince, and Peere.
First shall the Sunne rise from the occident,
And loose his steeds benighted in the East,
First shall the sea become the continent,
Ere we forsake our soueraignes beheast:
We fought not for you gainst Persians Tent,
Breaking our Launces on his sturdie creast.
We fought not for you gainst the Christian hoast,

To become traytors after all our cost.

Baia. Heare me Mustassa and Cherseoli,
I am a father of a headstrong brood,
Which if I looke not closely to my selfe,
Will seeke to ruinate their fathers state,
Euen as the vipers in great Neroes senne,
Eate vp the belly that first nourish'd them.
You see the haruest of my life is past,
And aged winter hath besprent my head,
With a hoare frost of siluer coloured haires

With a hoare frost of silver coloured haires, The harvingers of honourable eld, These branchlike vaines which once did guide my armes

To toffe the speare in battellous array, Now withered vp, haue lost their former strength: My sonnes whom now ambition ginnes to pricke,

May take occasion of my weakned age, And rise in rebell armes against my state.

But staie, here comes a Messenger to vs.
Sound within. Enters a Messenger.

Messen. Health and good hap to Baiazet,

The great commander of all Afia, Selmi the Soldane of great Trebisond, Sends me vnto your grace, to fignifie His alliance with the King of Tartary.

Baia. Said I not Lords as much to you before, That mine own fonnes would feek my ouerthrow?

gas winnersqual bondery!

140

150

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And

В

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

And fee here comes a lucklesse messenger, To prooue that true, which my mind did foretell.

170 Does Selim make fo fmall account of vs, That he dare matry without our confent, And to that diuell too of Tartarie? And could he then vnkind, fo foone forget The injuries that Ramir did to me, Thus to confort himselfe with him gainst me? Cherse. Your maiestie misconsters Selimus,

It cannot be that he in whose high thoughts A map of many valures is enfhrin'd, Should feeke his fathers ruine and decay.

Selimus is a Prince of forward hope, Whose onely name affrights your enemies, It cannot be he should prooue false to you.

Baia. Can it not be? Oh yes Cherseoli, For Selimus hands do itch to have the Crowne. And he wil haue it, or elfe pull me downe. Is he a Prince? ah no he is a fea, Into which runne nought but ambitious reaches, Seditious complots, murther, fraud, and hate. Could he not let his father know his mind,

190 But match himselfe when I least thought on it? Must. Perhaps my Lord Selimus lou'd the dame, And feard to certifie you of his loue,

Because her father was your enemie.

Baia. In loue Mustaffa, Selimus in loue? If he be, Lording, tis not Ladies loue, But loue of rule, and kingly foueraigntie. For wherefore should he feare t'aske my consent? Trustie Mustaffa, if he had feard me, He neuer would have lou'd mine enemie.

200 But this his marriage with the Tartars daughter, Is but the prologue to his crueltie, And quickly shall we have the Tragedie. Which though he act with meditated brauerie,

The

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

The world will neuer giue him plauditie. What yet more newes?

Sound within. Enters another Messenger.

Mess. Dread Emperour, Selimus is at hand,
Two hundreth thousand strong Tartarians

Armed at all points dooes he lead with him,

Befides his followers from Trebisond.

Baia. I thought so much of wicked Selimus, Oh forlorne hopes and haplesse Baiazet. Is dutie then exiled from his breft, Which nature hath infcrib'd with golden pen, Deepe in the hearts of honourable men? Ah Selim, Selim, wert thou not my fonne, But some strange vnacquainted forreiner, Whom I should honour as I honour'd thee: Yet would it greeue me euen vnto the death, If he should deale as thou hast dealt with me. And thou my fonne to whom I freely gaue The mightie Empire of great Trebisond, Art too vnnaturall to requite me thus, Good Alemshae hadft thou liu'd till this day, Thou wouldst have blushed at thy brothers mind. Come sweete Mustaffa, come Cherseoli, And with fome good aduice recomfort me.

Exeunt. All.

Enter Selimus, Sinam Bassa, Otrante, Occhialie, and the souldiers.

Seli. Now Selimus confider who thou art,
Long haft thou marched in difguif'd attire,
But now vnmaske thy felfe, and play thy part,
And manifest the heate of thy defire:
Nourish the coales of thine ambitious fire.
And thinke that then thy Empire is most fure,
When men for feare thy tyrannie endure.
Thinke that to thee there is no vvorse reproach,

B 2

Then

Then filiall dutie in fo high a place, 240 Thou oughtst to set barrels of blood abroach, And feeke with fwoord whole kingdomes to displace, Let Mahounds lawes be lockt vp in their case. And meaner men and of a baser spirit, In vertuous actions feeke for glorious merit. I count it facriledge, for to be holy, Or reuerence this thred-bare name of good, Leaue to old men and babes that kind of follie, Count it of equall value with the mud: Make thou a passage for thy gushing floud, 250 By flaughter, treason, or what else thou can, And fcorne religion, it difgraces man. My father Baiazet is weake and old, And hath not much aboue two yeares to liue, The Turkish Crowne of Pearle and Ophir gold, He meanes to his deare Acomat to give. But ere his ship can to her hauen drive, Ile fend abroad my tempests in such fort, That she shall finke before she get the port.

Alasse, alasse, his highnesse aged head 260 Is not fufficient to support a Crowne, Then Selimus take thou it in his fleed, And if at this thy boldnesse he dare frowne, Or but refift thy will, then pull him downe: For fince he hath fo short a time t'enioy it, Ile make it shorter, or I will destroy him. Nor paffe I what our holy votaries Shall here object against my forward minde, I wreake not of their foolish ceremonies,

But meane to take my fortune as I finde. 270 Wisedome commands to follow tide and winde: And catch the front of fwift occasion, Before the be too quickly ouergone:

Some man will fay I am too impious, Thus to laie fiege against my fathers life.

royal

#### of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

And that I ought to follow vertuous And godly fonnes: that vertue is a glaffe Wherein I may my errant life behold, And frame my felfe by it in auncient mould. Good fir, your wisedomes overflowing wit, Digs deepe with learnings wonder-working spade: Perhaps you thinke that now forfooth you fit With some graue wisard in a pratting shade. Auant fuch glaffes: let them view in me, The perfect picture of right tyrannie. I like a Lions looke not worth a leeke, When euery dog depriues him of his pray: These honest termes are farre inough to seeke. When angry Fortune menaceth decay, My refolution treads a nearer way. Giue me the heart conspiring with the hand, In fuch a cause my father to withstand. Is he my father? why I am his fonne: I owe no more to him then he to me, If he proceed as he hath now begunne, And passe from me the Turkish Seigniorie, To Acomat, then Selimus is free: And if he injure me that am his fonne, Faith all the loue twixt him and me is done. But for I fee the schoolemen are prepard, To plant gainft me their bookish ordinance, I meane to stand on a sentencious gard: And without any far fetcht circumstance, Quickly vnfold mine owne opinion, To arme my heart with irreligion. When first this circled round, this building faire, Some God tooke out of the confused masse, (What God I do not know, nor greatly care) Then euery man of his owne dition was, And euery one his life in peace did passe. Warre was not then, and riches were not knowne,

O Satisal phiels

#### The first part of the Tragicall raigne

And no man faid, this, or this, is mine owne. The plough-man with a furrow did not marke How farre his great possessions did reach:
The earth knew not the share, nor seas the barke. The souldiers entred not the battred breach, Nor Trumpets the tantara loud did teach.
There needed them no iudge, nor yet no law, Nor any King of whom to stand in awe. But after Ninus, warlike Belus sonne,

Then first the sacred name of King begunne:
And things that were as common as the day,
Did then to set possessions first obey.
Then they establish lawes and holy rites,
To maintaine peace, and gouerne bloodie fights.
Then some sage man, aboue the vulgar wise,
Knowing that lawes could not in quiet dwell,
Vnlesse they were observed: did first deuise
The names of Gods, religion, heaven, and hell,

Paines for those men which did neglect the law, Rewards, for those that liu'd in quiet awe. Whereas indeed they were meere fictions, And if they were not, Selim thinkes they were: And these religions observations, Onely bug-beares to keepe the world in feare, And make men quietly a yoake to beare. So that religion of it selfe a bable,

Was onely found to make vs peaceable.

340 Hence in especiall come the foolish names,
Of father, mother, brother, and such like:
For who so well his cogitation frames,
Shall finde they serue but onely for to strike
Into our minds a certaine kind of loue.
For these names too are but a policie,
To keepe the quiet of societie.

Indeed

Indeed I must confesse they are not bad, Because they keepe the baser fort in feare: But we, whose minde in heavenly thoughts is clad, Whose bodie doth a glorious spirit beare, That hath no bounds, but flieth euery where. Why should we seeke to make that soule a slaue, To which dame Nature fo large freedome gaue. Amongst vs men, there is some difference, Of actions tearmed by vs good or ill: As he that doth his father recompence, Differs from him that doth his father kill. And yet I thinke, thinke other what they will, That Parricides, when death hath given them reft, Shall have as good a part as the rest. — And thats iust nothing, for as I suppose In deaths voyd kingdome raignes eternall night: Secure of euill, and fecure of foes, Where nothing doth the wicked man affright, No more then him that dies in doing right. Then fince in death nothing shall to vs fall, Here while I liue, Ile haue a fnatch at all. And that can neuer, neuer be attaind, Vnlesse old Baiazet do die the death: For long inough the gray-beard now hath raign'd, And liu'd at eafe, while others liu'd vneath. And now its time he should resigne his breath. T'were good for him if he were pressed out, T'would bring him reft, and rid him of his gout. Resolu'd to do it, cast to compasse it Without delay or long procrastination: It argueth an vnmanured wit, When all is readie for fo ftrong inuation, To draw out time, an vnlookt for mutation May soone preuent vs if we do delay, Quick speed is good, vyhere vyisedome leades the Occbiali? (vvay.

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Occhi.

Occhi. My Lord.

Sel. Lo flie boy to my father Baiazet,
And tell him Selim his obedient fonne,
Defires to speake with him and kisse his hands,
Tell him I long to see his gratious face,
And that I come with all my chiualrie,
To chase the Christians from his Seigniorie:
390 In any wise say I must speake with him.

Exit Occhiali.

Now Sinam if I speed.

Sinam. What then my Lord?

Sel. What then? why Sinam thou art nothing woorth, I will endeuour to perfuade him man,
To give the Empire ouer vnto me,
Perhaps I shall attaine it at his hands:
If I cannot, this right hand is resolu'd,
To end the period with a fatall stabbe.

If you refolue to worke your fathers death,
You venture life: thinke you the Ianissaries
Will suffer you to kill him in their sight,
And let you passe free without punishment?
Sel. If I resolue? as sure as heauen is heauen,
I meane to see him dead, or my selfe King:

As for the Bassass they are all my friends,
And I am sure would pawne their dearest blood,
That Selim might be Emperour of Turkes.

To be reuenged for their fathers death.

Sel. Sinam if they or twentie fuch as they,
Had twentie feuerall Armies in the field,
If Selimus were once your Emperour,
Ide dart abroad the thunderbolts of warre,
And mow their hartleffe fquadrons to the ground.

Sin. Oh yet my Lord after your highnesse death, There is a hell and a reuenging God.

Sel. Tufh

Seli. Tush Sinam these are schoole conditions, To feare the diuell or his curfed damme: Thinkst thou I care for apparitions, Of Sisiphus and of his backward stone, And poore Ixions lamentable mone? Now I thinke the caue of damned ghoafts, Is but a tale to terrifie young babes: Like diuels faces fcor'd on painted poafts, Or fained circles in our aftrolabes. Why theirs no difference when we are dead, And death once come, then all alike are fped. Or if there were, as I can scarce beleeue, A heaven of ioy, and hell of endlesse paine: Yet by my foule it neuer should me greeue: So I might on the Turkish Empire raigne, To enter hell, and leane on faire heavens gaine. An Empire Sinam, is fo fweete a thing, As I could be a diuell to be a King. But go we Lords and folace in our campe, Till the returne of yoong Occhiali, And if his answere be to thy defire, Selim thy minde in kingly thoughts attire.

Exeunt. All.

Enter Baiazet, Mustaffa, Cherseoli, Occhiali, and the Ianisfaries.

Baia. Euen as the great Ægyptian Crocodile, Wanting his praie, with artificiall teares, And fained plaints his fubtill tongue doth file, T'entrap the filly wandring traueller, And moue him to advance his footing neare, That when he is in danger of his clawes, He may deuour him with his famished iawes, So plaieth craftie Selimus with me, His haughtie thoughts still wait on Diadems, And not a step but treads to maiestie.

Both Sel. " Ture of Brown of The Sel was

450

The

The Phœnix gazeth on the Suns bright beames, The Echinæis swimmes against the streames. Nought but the Turkish scepter can him please, And there I know lieth his chiefe disease. He sends his messenger to craue accesse, And saies he longs to kisse my aged hands:

His meaning with his words but weakly stands.
And sooner will the Syrteis boyling sands,
Become a quiet roade for fleeting shippes,
Then Selimus heart agree with Selims lippes.
Too well I know the Crocodiles sained teares,
Are but nettes wherein to catch his pray:
Which who so mou'd with soolish pitie heares,
Will be the authour of his owne decay.
Then hie thee Baiazet from hence away:

Whose fairest words are most pernicious.
Young man, would Selim come and speak with vs?
What is his message to vs, canst thou tell?

Occhi. He craues my Lord, another feigniorie, Nearer to you and to the Christians, That he may make them know, that Selimus Is borne to be a scourge vnto them all.

Baia. Hee's born to be a scourge to me & mine, He neuer would have come with such an hoast,

What though in word he brauely feeme to boaft,
The forraging of all the Christian coast?
Yet we have cause to feare when burning brands,
Are vainly given into a mad mans hands.
Well I must seeme to winke at his desire,
Although I see it plainer then the light,
My lenitie addes suell to his sire,
Which now begins to breake in slashing bright,
Then Baiazet chastise his stubborne spright.

Leaft

Least these small sparkles grow to such a flame, As shall confume thee and thy houses name. Alasse I spare when all my store is gone, And thrust my fickle where the corne is reapt, In vaine I fend for the phisition, When on the patient is his graue dust heapt. In vaine, now all his veines in venome fleept Breake out in blifters that will poyfon vs, VVe feeke to give him an Antidotus. He that will stop the brooke, must then begin VVhen fommers heate hath dried vp his fpring, And when his pittering streames are low & thin, For let the winter aide vnto him bring, He growes to be of watry flouds the King. And though you dam him vp with loftie rankes, Yet will he quickly ouerflow his bankes. Messenger, go and tell young Selimus, We give to him all great Samandria, Bordring on Bulgrade of Hungaria, Where he may plague those Christian runnages, And falue the wounds that they have given our states, Cherseo. Go and prouide a gift, A royall present for my Selimus, And tell him messenger another time He shall have talke inough with Baiazet. Exeunt Cherseoli and Occhiali. And now what counfell gives Mustaffa to vs? I feare this haftie reckoning will vndo vs. Must. Make haste my Lord from Andrinople walles, And let vs flie to faire Bizantium, Least if your sonne before you take the towne, He may with little labour winne the crowne. Baia. Then do so good Mustaffa, call our gard, And gather all our warlike Ianissaries, Our chiefest and is swift celeritie, Then let our winged courfers tread the winde, C And

And leave rebellious Selimus behinde.

Exeunt. All.

Sc. iv Enter Selimus, Sinam, Occhiali, Ottrante, and their fouldiers.

Is Selim fuch a corfiue to his heart,
That he cannot endure the fight of him?
Forfooth he gives thee all Samandria,
From whence our mightie Emperour Mahomet,
Was driven to his country backe with shame.
No doubt thy father loves thee Selimus,
To make thee Regent of so great a land,
Which is not yet his owne: or if it were,
What dangers wayt on him that should it stere.

Vnder the Polonian he comes hurtling in,
Vnder the conduct of some forraine prince,
To fight in honour of his crucifix!
Here the Hungarian with his bloodie crosse,
Deales blowes about to win Belgrade againe.
And after all, forsooth Basilius
The mightie Emperour of Russa,
Sends in his troupes of slaue-borne Muscouites,
And he will share with vs, or else take all.
In giving such a land so full of strife,

Now by the dreaded name of Termagant,
And by the blackeft brooke in loathfome hell,
Since he is fo vnnaturall to me,
I will prooue as vnnaturall as he.
Thinks he to stop my mouth with gold or pearle?
Or rustie iades fet from Barbaria?
No let his minion his philosopher,
Corcut and Acomat be enrich'd with them.
I will not take my rest, till this right hand
560 Hath puld the Crowne from off his cowards head,

And on the ground his bastards gore-blood shead: Nor shall his slight to old Bizantium,
Dismay my thoughts which neuer learnd to stoup.
March Sinam, march in order after him:
Were his light steeds as swift as Pegasus,
And trode the ayrie pauement with their heeles,
Yet Selimus would ouertake them soone.
And though the heauens do nere so crossy frowne,
In spight of heauen shall Selim weare the crowne.

Exeunt. 570

Alarum within. Enter Baiazet, Mustaffa, Cherseoli and the Sc. v Ianisfaries, at one doore. Selimus, Sinam, Ottrante, Occhiali, and their souldiers at another.

Baia. Is this thy dutie fonne vnto thy father, So impiously to leuell at his life? Can thy foule wallowing in ambitious mire, Seeke for to reaue that breft with bloudie knife, From whence thou hadft thy being Selimus? Was this the end for which thou joyndst thy felfe, With that mischieuous traytor Ramirchan? Was this thy drift to speake with Baiazet? Well hoped I (but hope I fee is vaine) Thou wouldst have bene a comfort to mine age, A scourge and terrour to mine enemies, That this thy comming with fo great an hoaft, Was for no other purpose and intent, Then for to chaftife those base Christians Which spoile my subjects welth with fire & sword Well hoped I the rule of Trebisond, Would have increased the valour of thy minde, To turne thy strength vpon thy Persians. But thou like to a craftie Polipus, Doeft turne thy hungry iawes vpon thy felfe, For what am I Selimus but thy felfe?

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A 3

When

VVhen courage first crept in thy manly brest, Hnd thou beganst to rule the martiall sword, How oft said thou the sun shuld change his course, VVater should turn to earth, & earth to heaven, Ere thou wouldst prooue disloyall to thy father.

And enterprise thy iourny from the East.

Blush Selim that the world should say of thee,
That by my death thou gaindst the Emperie.

Seli. Now let my cause be pleaded Baiazet, For father I disdaine to call thee now: I tooke not Armes to seaze vpon thy crowne, For that if once thou hadst bene layd in graue, Should sit vpon the head of Selimus In spight of Corcut and Acomat.

The remnant of thy dayes is but a span,
And foolish had I bene to enterprize
That which the gout and death would do for me.
I tooke not armes to shed my brothers blood,
Because they stop my passage to the crowne.
For while thou liu'st Selimus is content
That they shuld liue, but when thou once art dead
VVhich of them both dares Selimus withstand?
I soone should hew their bodies in peecemeale,

620 As easie as a man would kill a gnat.

But I tooke armes vnkind to honour thee,
And winne againe the fame that thou hast lost.

And thou thoughtst scorne Selim should speake with thee.
But had it bene your darling Acomat,
You would have met him half the way your selfe.
I am a Prince, and though your yoonger sonne,
Yet are my merits better then both theirs:
But you do seeke to disinherit me,
And meane t'inuest Acomat with your crowne.

630 So he shall have a princes due reward,

That

That cannot shew a scarre receiv'd in field, VVe that have fought with mighty Prester Iohn, And ftript th'Ægyhtian foldan of his camp, Venturing life and liuing to honour thee, For that same cause shall now dishonour'd be. Art thou a father? Nay false Baiazet Disclaime the title which thou doest not merit. A father would not thus flee from his fonne, As thou doest flie from loyall Selimus. A father would not injure thus his fonne, As thou doest injure loyall Selimus. Then Baiazet prepare thee to the fight, Selimus once thy fonne, but now thy foe, VVill make his fortunes by the fword, And fince thou fear'ft as long as I do liue, Ile also feare, as long as thou doest live. Exit Selim and his company.

Ba. My heart is ouerwhelm'd with fear & grief, VVhat dismall Comet blazed at my birth, VVhose influence makes my strong vnbrideled In steed of loue to render hate to me? (sonnes Ah Bassaies if that euer heretofore Your Emperour ought his safetie vnto you, Defend me now gainst my vnnaturall sonne: Non timeo mortem: mortis mibi displicet author.

Exit Baiazet and his company.

Alarum, Mustaffa beate Selimus in, then Ottrante and Cherseoli enter at diverse doores.

Cherse. Yeeld thee Tartarian or thou shalt die, Vpon my swords sharpe point standeth pale death Readie to rive in two thy caitive brest.

Ott. Art thou that knight that like a lion sierce,

Tiring his stomacke on a flocke of lambes, Hast broke our rankes & put them cleane to flight? 640

650

POWEREUL

Sc. vi

NEBIC

660

Cherse.

Cherse. I and vnlesse thou looke vnto thy selfe, This swoord nere drunke in the Tartarian blood, Shall make thy carkasse as the outcast dung.

Ottran. Nay I have matcht a brauer knight then you,

Strong Alemshae thy maisters eldest sonne,

670 Leauing his bodie naked on the plaines, And Turke, the felfesame end for thee remaines. They fight. He killeth Cherseoli, and flieth.

Sc. vii Alarum, enter Selimus.

Selim. Shall Selims hope be buried in the dust?

And Baiazet triumph ouer his fall?

Then oh thou blindfull mistresse of mishap,
Chiefe pratronesse of Rhamus golden gates,
I will aduance my strong reuenging hand,
And plucke thee from thy euerturning wheele.

680 Mars, or Minerua, Mabound, Termagaunt,
Or who so ere you are that fight gainst me,
Come and but shew your selues before my face,
And I will rend you all like trembling reedes.
Well Baiazet though Fortune smile on thee,
And decke thy campe with glorious victorie,
Though Selimus now conquered by thee,
Is faine to put his safetie in swift slight:
Yet so he slies, that like an angry ramme,
689 Heele turne more siercely then before he came.

Exit Selimus.

Sc. viii Enter Baiazet, Mustaffa, the fouldier with the bodie of Cherseoli, and Ottrante prisoner.

Baia. Thus have we gaind a bloodie victorie,
And though we are the maisters of the field,
Yet have we lost more then our enemies:
Ah lucklesse fault of my Cherseoli,
As deare and dearer wert thou vnto me,
Then any of my sonnes, then mine owne selfe.
The was glad, thy heart was full of ioy,

Pour in thint

And brauely hast thou died for Baiazet.

And though thy bloudlesse bodie here do lie,
Yet thy sweet soule in heauen for euer blest,
Among the starres enioyes eternall rest.
What art thou warlike man of Tartarie,
Whose hap it is to be our prisoner?

Ottran. I am a prince, Ottrante is my name, Chiefe captaine of the Tartars mightie hoaft.

Ba. Ottrante? Wast not thou that slue my son? Ottran. I, and if fortune had but fauour'd me, Had sent the sire to keepe him company.

Baia. Off with his head and spoyle him of his Armes, And leave his bodie for the ayrie birds.

Exitonewith Ottrante.

The vnreuenged ghoaft of Alemshae,
Shall now no more wander on Stygian bankes,
But rest in quiet in th'Elysian fields.
Mustaffa, and you worthie men at Armes,
That lest not Baiazet in greatest need,
When we arrive at Constantines great Tour,
You shalbe honour'd of your Emperour.

Exeunt All.

Enter Acomat Vifir, Regan, and a band of fouldiers.

Sc. ix

Aco. Perhaps you wonder why prince Acomat,
Delighting heretofore in foolish loue,
Hath chang'd his quiet to a fouldiers state:
And turnd the dulcet tunes of Himens song,
Into Bellonas horrible outcries,
You thinke it strange, that whereas I haue liu'd,
Almost a votarie to wantonnesse,
To see me low laie off effeminate robes,
And arme my bodie in an iron wall.
I haue enioyed quiet long inough,
And surfeted with pleasures suquidrie
A field of dainties I haue passed through,

730

And bene a champion to faire Cytheree. Now fince this idle peace hath weeried me, Ile follow Mars and warre another while,

My brother Selim through his manly deeds,
Hath lifted vp his fame vnto the skies,
While we like earth wormes lurking in the weeds,
Do liue inglorious in all mens eyes.
What lets me then from this vaine flumber rife,
And by ftrong hand atchieue eternall glorie,
That may be talkt of in all memorie?
And fee how fortune fauours mine intent,
Heard you not Lordings, how prince Selimus

750 Against our royall father armed went,
And how the Ianissaries made him slee
To Ramir Emperour of Tartarie?
This his rebellion greatly profits me,
For I shall sooner winne my fathers minde,
To yeeld me vp the Turkish Empire,
Which if I haue, I am sure I shall sinde
Strong enemies to pull me downe againe,
That faine would haue prince Selimus to raigne.
Then civill discord, and contentious warre,

760 Will follow Acomats coronation.

Selim no doubt will broach feditious iarre,
And Corcut too will feeke for alteration,
Now to preuent all fuddaine perturbation,
We thought it good to muster vp our power,
That danger may not take it vnprouided.

Visir. I like your highnesse resolution well, For these should be the chiefe arts of a king, To punish those that furiously rebell, And honour those that sacred counsell bring,

To make good lawes, ill customes to expell:

To nourish peace from whence your riches spring,

And when good quarrels call you to the field,

T'excell

T'excell your men in handling speare & shield. Thus shall the glory of your matchlesse name, Be registred vp in immortall lines: Whereas that prince that followes luftfull game, And to fond toyes his captive minde enclines, Shall neuer passe the temple of true fame, Whose worth is greater then the Indian mines. But is your grace affured certainly That Baiazet doth fauour your request? Perhaps you may make him your enemie, You know how much your father doth detest, Stout obedience and obstinacie. I speake not this as if I thought it best: Your highnesse should your right in it neglect, But that you might be close and circumspect. Aco. We thanke thee Vifir for thy louing care,

Aco. We thanke thee Visir for thy louing car As for my father Baaizets affection,
Vnlesse his holy vowes forgotten are,
I shall be sure of it by his election.
By after Acomats erection,

We must forecast what things be necessary, Least that our kingdome be too momentary.

Reg. First let my Lord be seated in his throne, Enstalled by great Baiazets consent,
As yet your haruest is not fully growne,
But in the greene and vnripe blade is pent:
But when you once haue got the regiment,
Then may your Lords more easily prouide,
Against all accidents that may betide.

Acomat. Then fet we forward to Bizantium,
That we may know what Baiazet intends.
Aduise thee Acomat, whats best to do,
The Ianissaries fauour Selimus,
And they are strong vndanted enemies,
Which will in Armes gainst thy election rise.
Then will them to thy wil with precious gifts,

780

790

200

And store of gold: timely largition

810 The stedfast persons from their purpose lifts:
But then beware least Baiazets affection
Change into hatred by such premunition.
For then he thinke that I am factious,
And imitate my brother Selimus.
Besides, a prince his honour doth debase,
That begs the common souldiers suffrages,
And if the Bassaes knew I sought their grace,
It would the more increase their insolentnesse.
To resist them were overhardinesse,

Well how so ere, resolue to venture it,
Fortune doth fauour euery bold assay,
And t'were a trick of an vnsetled wit
Because the bees haue stings with them alway,
To fare our mouthes in honie to embay.
Then resolution for me leades the dance,

827 And thus resolu'd, I meane to trie my chance.

Exeunt all.

# Sc. x Enter Baiazet, Mustaffa, Calibassa, Halibassa, and the Ianissaries.

Baia. What prince so ere, trusts to his mightie pow'r, Ruling the reines of many nations, And search not least sickle fortune loure, Ar thinkes his kingdome free from alterations, If he were in the place of Baiazet, He would but litle by his scepter set. For what hath rule that makes it acceptable, Rather what hath it not worthie of hate: First of all is our state still mutable,

840 And our continuance at the peoples rate,
So that it is a flender thred, whereon
Depends the honour of a princes throne.
Then do we feare, more then the child new borne,

Our

Our friends, our Lords, our fubiects, & our fonnes. Thus is our minde in fundry pieces torne By care, by feare, fuspition, and distrust, In wine, in meate we feare pernicious poyfon, At home, abroad, we feare feditious treason. Too true that tyrant Dionysius Did picture out the image of a King, 850 When Daniocles was placed in his throne, And ore his head a threatning fword did hang, Powerful mays Fastned vp onely by a horses haire. Our chiefest trust is secretly distrust, For whom haue we whom we may fafely truft, If our owne fonnes, neglecting awfull dutie, Rife vp in Armes against their louing fathers. Their heart is all of hardest marble wrought, That can laie wayt to take away their breath, From whom they first sucked this vitall ayre. My heart is heavie, and I needs must sleepe. Bassaes withdraw your selues from me awhile, That I may rest my ouerburdned soule. They stand aside while the curtins are drawne.

Eunuchs plaie me some musicke while I sleepe. Musicke within.

Must. Good Baiazet, who would not pitie thee. Whom thine owne fonne fo vildly perfecutes.

More mildly do th'vnreasonables beafts Deale with their dammes, then Selimus with thee.

Halibas. Mustaffa we are princes of the land. And loue our Emperour as well as thou: Yet will we not for pitying his estate, Suffer our foes our wealth to ruinate. If Selim have playd false with Baiazet, And ouerslipt the dutie of a sonne, Why he was mou'd by iust occasion. Did he not humbly fend his meffenger To craue accesse vnto his maiestie?

D 3

880 And yet he could not get permission

To kisse his hands, and speake his mind to him.

Perhaps he thought his aged fathers loue

Was cleane estrang'd from him; and Acomat

Should reape the fruite that he had laboured for.

Tis lawfull for the father to take Armes,

I and by death chastize his rebell sonne.

Why should it be vnlawfull for the sonne,

To leauie Armes gainst his iniurious sire?

Must. You reason Hali like a sophister.

890 As if t'were lawfull for a subject prince
To rise in Armes gainst his soueraigne,
Because he will not let him haue his will:
Much lesse ift lawfull for a mans owne sonne.
If Baiazet had iniur'd Selimus,
Or sought his death, or done him some abuse,
Then Selimus cause had bene more tollerable.

MOTE THE

BONT WALL USE OF

DOWN PRISONS

But Baiazet did neuer iniure him,
Nor fought his death, nor once abused him,
Vnlesse because he gives him not the crowne,

Gaue he not him an Empire for his part,
The mightie Empire of great Trebisond?
So that if all things rightly be observed,
Selim had more then euer he deserved.
I speake not this because I hate the prince,
For by the heavens I love yoong Selimus,
Better then either of his brethren.
But for I owe alleagiance to my king,
And love him much that favours me so much.

910 Mustaffa, while old Baiazet doth liue, Will be as true to him as to himselfe.

Cali. Why braue Mustaffa, Hali and my felfe Were neuer false vnto his maiestie. Our father Hali died in the field, Against the Sopbi, in his highnesse warres.

And we will neuer be degenerate. Nor do we take part with prince Selimus, Because we would depose old Baiazet, But for because we would not Acomat That leads his life still in lasciulous pompe, Nor Corcut, though he be a man of woorth, Should be commander of our Empire. For he that neuer faw his foe mans face, But alwaies flept vpon a Ladies lap, Will fcant endure to lead a fouldiers life. And he that neuer handled but his penne, Will be vnskilfull at the warlike lance. Indeed his wifedome well may guide the crowne, And keepe that fafe his predecessors got: But being given to peace as Corcut is, He neuer will enlarge the Empire: So that the rule and power ouer vs,

Is onely fit for valiant Selimus. Must. Princes, you know how mightie Baiazet Hath honoured Mustaffa with his loue. He gaue his daughter beautious Solima, To be the foueraigne mistresse of my thoughts. He made me captaine of the lanisfaries, And too vnnaturall should Mustaffa be, To rife against him in his dying age. Yet know, you warlike peere, Mustaffa is A loyall friend vnto prince Selimus, And ere his other brethren get the crowne, For his fake, I my felfe will pull them downe. I loue, I loue them dearly, but the loue Which I do beare vnto my countries good; Makes me a friend to noble Selimus, Onely let Baiazet while he doth liue, Enioy in peace the Turkish Diademe. When he is dead, and layd in quiet graue,

Then none but Selimus our helpe shall have.

940

950

Sound

Sound within. A Messenger enters, Baiazet awaketh.

Baia. How now Mustaffa, what newes have we there? Is Selim vp in Armes gainst me againe? Or is the Sophi entred our confines? Hath the Ægyptian snatch'd his crowne againe? Or have the vncontrolled Christians Vnsheath'd their swords to make more war on vs?

960 Such newes, or none will come to Baiazet.

Must. My gratious Lord, heres an Embassador

Must. My gratious Lord, heres an Embassado Come from your sonne the Soldan Acomat.

Baia. From Acomat? oh let him enter in.

Enter Regian.

Embassadour, how fares our louing sonne?

Reg. Mightie commander of the warlike Turks,

Acomat Souldane of Amasia,

Greeteth your grace by me his messenger. He gives him a Letter.

970 And gratulates your highnesse good successe, Wishing good fortune may befall you still.

Acomat craues thy promise Baiazet,

Baia. Mustaffa reade.

He gives the letter to Mustaffa, and speakes the rest to himselfe.

To give the Empire vp into his hands,
And make it fure to him in thy life time.
And thou shalt have it lovely Acomat,
For I have bene encombred long inough,
980 And vexed with the cares of kingly rule,
Now let the trouble of the Empirie
Be buried in the bosome of thy sonne.
Ah Acomat, if thou have such a raigne
So full of sorrow as thy fathers was,
Thou wilt accurse the time, the day and houre,
In which thou was establish'd Emperour.
Sound. A Messenger from Corcut.

Yet more newes? Meff. Long live the mightie Emperor Baiazet, Corcut the Soldan of Magnefia, Hearing of Selims worthin ouerthrow, And of the comming of young Acomat, Doth certifie your maiestie by me, How joyfull he is of your victorie. And therewithall he humbly doth require Your grace would do him inflice in his cause. His brethren both, vnworthie fuch a father, Do feeke the Empire while your grace doth liue, And that by vndirect finister meanes. But Corcuts mind free from ambitious thoughts, 1000 And trufting to the goodnesse of his cause, loyned vnto your highnesse tender loue, Onely defires your grace should not inuest Selim nor Acomat, in the Diademe, Which appertaineth vnto him by right, But keepe it to your felfe the while you liue: And when it shall the great creator please, Who hath the spirits of all men in his hands, Shall call your highnesse to your latest home, Then will he also fue to have his right. 1010 Baia. Like to a ship sayling without starres, Whom waves do toffe one way and winds another, Both without ceasing: euen so my poore heart Endures a combat betwixt loue and right. The loue I beare to my deare Acomat, Commands me give my fuffrage vnto him, But Corcuts title, being my eldest sonne, Bids me recall my hand, and give it him. Acomat, he would have it in my life, But gentle Corcut like a louing fonne, 1020 Defires me liue and die an Emperour,

And at my death bequeath my crowne to him.

E

Selimus

Ah Corcut thou I fee lou'ft me indeed,

Selimus fought to thrust me downe by force, And Acomat seekes the kingdome in my life, And both of them are grieu'd thou liu'st so long. But Corcut numbreth not my dayes as they, O how much dearer loues he me then they. Bassas, how counsell you your Emperour?

Must. My gratious Lord, my self wil speak for al, For all I know are minded as I am.
Your highnesse knowes the Ianissaries loue,
How firme they meane to cleaue to your behest,
As well you might perceiue in that sad fight,
When Selim set vpon you in your slight.
Then we do all desire you on our knees,
To keepe the crowne and scepter to your selfe.
How grieuous will it be vnto your thoughts,
If you should give the crowne to Acomat,

To flesh their anger one vpon another,
And rend the bowels of this mightie raigne.
Suppose that Corcut would be well content,
Yet thinkes your grace if Acomat were king,
That Selim ere long would ioine league with him?
Nay he would breake from forth his Trebisond,
And waste the Empire all with fire and sword.
Ah then too weake would be poore Acomat,

To stand against his brothers puissance,
1050 Or saue himselfe from his enhanced hand.
While Ismael and the cruell Persians,
And the great Soldane of th'Egyptians,
Would smile to see our force dismembred so,
I and perchance the neighbour Christians
Would take occasion to thrust out their heads.
All this may be preuented by your grace,
If you will yeeld to Corcuts inst request,
And keepe the kingdome to you while you liue,
Meane time we that your graces subjects are,

May make vs ftrong, to fortifie the man,
Who at your death your grace shall chuse as king.
Baia. O how thou speakest euer like thy selfe,
Loyall Mustaffa: well were Baiazet
If all his sonnes, did beare such loue to him.
Though loth I am longer to weare the crowne,
Yet for I see it is my subjects will,
Once more will Baiazet be Emperour.
But we must send to pacifie our sonne,
Or he will storme, as earst did Selimus.
Come let vs go vnto our councell Lord,
And there consider what is to be done.

Exeunt All.

Enter Acomat, Regan, Vifir, and his fouldiers. Acomat must read a letter, and then renting it say: Aco. Thus will I rend the crowne from off thy head, False hearted and injurious Baiazet, To mocke thy fonne that loued thee fo deare. What? for because the head-strong Ianisfaries Would not confent to honour Acomat, And their base Bassaes vow'd to Selimus, 1080 Thought me vnworthie of the Turkish crowne, Should he be rul'd and ouerrul'd by them, Vnder pretence of keeping it himselfe, To wipe me cleane for euer being king? Doth he efteeme fo much the Baffaes words, And prize their fauour at so high a rate, That for to gratifie their stubborne mindes, He casts away all care, and all respects Of dutie, promise, and religious oathes? Now by the holy Prophet Mahomet, Chiefe prefident and patron of the Turkes, I meane to chalenge now my right by Armes, And winne by fword that glorious dignitie Which he iniuriously detaines from me.

E 2

Haply

Haply he thinkes because that Selimus Rebutted by his warlike Ianissaries, Was faine to flie in hast from whence he came: That Acomat by his example mou'd, Will seare to manage Armes against his sire.

Promises weake resistance in the fight:
But he shall know that I can vie my swoord,
And like a lyon seaze vpon my praie.
If euer Selim mou'd him heretofore,
Acomat meanes to mooue him ten times more.

Visir. T'were good your grace would to Amasia, And there increase your camp with fresh supply.

Aco. Vifir, I am impatient of delaie, And fince my father hath incenst me thus,

Not like a fonne, but a most cruell foe,
Will Acomat henceforth be vnto him.
March to Natolia, there we will begin
And make a preface to our massacres.
My nephew Mahomet sonne to Alemshae,
Departed lately from Iconium,

Is lodged there, and he shall be the first 1118 Whom I will facrifice vnto my wrath.

Exeunt All.

St. xii Enter the young Prince Mahomet, the Belierbey of Natolia, and one or two fouldiers.

Mabo. Lord Gouernour, what thinke you best to doo? If we receive the Souldaine Acomat,
Who knoweth not but his blood-thirstie swoord
Shall be embowell'd in our country-men.
You know he is displeased with Baiazet,
And will rebell, as Selim did to fore,
And would to God with Selims overthrow.
You know his angrie heart hath vow'd revenge
1130 On all the subjects of his fathers land.

Belierbey.

Bel. Yoong prince, thy vncle seekes to haue thy life, Because by right the Turkish crowne is thine, Saue thou thy selfe by slight or otherwise, And we will make resistance as we can. Like an Armenian tygre, that hath lost Her loued whelpes, so raueth Acomat: And we must be subject to his rage, But you may live to venge your citizens. Then slie good prince before your vncle come.

Mabo. Nay good my Lord, neuer shall it be faid That Mabomet the sonne of Alemshae, Fled from his citizens for feare of death, But I will staie, and helpe to fight for you, And if you needs must die, ile die with you. And I among the rest with forward hand, Will helpe to kill a common enemie.

Exeunt All.

Enter Acomat, Vifir, Regan, and the fouldiers. Aco. Now faire Natolia, shall thy stately walles Be ouerthrowne and beaten to the ground. My heart within me for reuenge still calles. Why Baiazet, thought'st thou that Acomat Would put vp fuch a monstrous iniurie? Then had I brought my chiualrie in vaine, And to no purpose drawne my conquering blade, VVhich now vnsheath'd, shal not be sheath'd againe, Till it a world of bleeding foules hath made. Poore Mahomet, thou thought'ft thy felfe too fure, In thy strong citie of Iconium, To plant thy Forces in Natolia, VVeakned fo much before by Selims fwoord. Summon a parley to the citizens, That they may heare the dreadfull words I speak,

And die in thought before they come to blowes.

All. A parley *Mahomet*, *Belierbey*, and fouldiers on the walles.

E 3

Mabomet.

Sc. xiii

1150

1160

Mabo. What craues our vncle Acomat of vs? Aco. That thou & all the citie yeeld themselues, Or by the holie rites of Mahomet

1170 His wondrous tomb, and facred Alcoran, You all shall die: and not a common death, But euen as monstrous as I can deuise.

Maho. Vncle, if I may call you by that name, Which cruelly hunt for your nephewes blood, You do vs wrong thus to befiege our towne, That nere deferu'd fuch hatred at your hands, Being your friends and kinfmen as we are.

Aco. In that thou wrongst me that thou art my kinsman. Maho. Why for I am thy nephew doest thou frowne?

Aco. I that thou art so neare vnto the crowne. Mabo. Why vncle I refigne my right to thee,

And all my title were it nere fo good.

Aco. Wilt thou? then know affuredly from me, He feale the refignation with thy blood: Though Alemsbae thy father lou'd me well, Yet Mahomes thy fonne shall downe to hell.

Mab. Why vncle doth my life put you in feare? Aco. It shall not nephew, fince I have you here.

Mabo. VVhen I am dead, mote hindrers shalt thou finde.

1190 Acom. VVhen ones cut off, the fewer are behinde. Mabo. Yet thinke the gods do beare an equall eye. Aco. Faith if they all were fquint-ey'd, what care I. Maho. Then Mahomet know we will rather die,

Then yeeld vs vp into a tyrants hand.

Aco. Beshrew me but you be the wifer Mahomet, For if I do but catch you boy aliue, Twere better for you runne through Phlegiton. Sirs scale the walles, and pull the caitiues downe, I give to you the fpoyle of all the towne.

Alarum. Scale the walles. Enter Acomat, Vifir 1200 and Regan, with Mabomet.

Acom. Now yoongster, you that brau'dst vs on the walles,

And shooke your plumed crest against our shield, VVhat wouldst thou give, or what wouldst thou not give, That thou wert far inough from Acomat? How like the villaine is to Baiazet? VVel nephew for thy father lou'd me well, I will not deale extreemly with his fonne: Then heare a briefe compendium of thy death. Regan go cause a groue of steelehead speares, Be pitched thicke vnder the caftle wall, And on them let this youthfull captaine fall.

Ma. Thou shalt not fear me Acomat with death, Nor will I beg my pardon at thy hands. But as thou giu'ft me fuch a monftrous death, So do I freely leave to thee my curse:

Exit Regan with Mahomet. Aco. O, that wil ferue to fil my fathers purse. Alarum. Enter a fouldier with Zonara, fifter to Mahomet.

Zon. Ah pardon me deare vncle, pardon me. Aco. No minion, you are too neare a kin to me.

Zon. If euer pitie entered thy breft, Or euer thou wast touch'd with womans loue, Sweete vncle spare wretched Zonaras life. Thou once wast noted for a quiet prince, Soft-hearted, mild, and gentle as a lambe, Ah do not prooue a lyon vnto me.

Aco. VVhy would'ft thou liue, when Mahomet is dead? Ron. Ah who flew Mahomet? Vncle did you?

Aco. He that's prepar'd to do as much for you. Zon. Doest thou not pitie Alemshae in me? Aco. Yes that he wants fo long thy companie. Zon. Thou art not false groome son to Baiazet,

He would relent to heare a woman weepe, But thou wast borne in desart Caucasus, And the Hircanian tygres gaue thee fucke, Knowing thou wert a monster like themselues.

1220

Acomat.

Aco. Let you her thus to rate vs? Strangle her.

They strangle her.

Now scoure the streets, and leave not one alive
To carrie these sad newes to Baiazet.

That all the citizens may dearly say,
This day was fatall to Natolia.

Exeunt All.

Ba. Mustaffa, if my minde deceive me not,
Some strange misfortune is not farre from me.

I was not wont to tremble in this fort.

As if it hastned to surprize my heart,
Me thinkes some voice still whispereth in my eares
And bids me to take heed of Acomat.

Must. Tis but your highnesse ouercharged mind VVhich seareth most the things it least desires.

Enter two fouldiers with the Belierbey of Natolia in a chaire, and the bodie of Mahomet and Zonara, in two coffins.

Ba. Ah fweet Mustaffa, thou art much deceiu'd,

My minde presages me some suture harme,
1260 And loe what dolefull exequie is here.
Our chiefe commander of Natolia?

VVhat caitiue hand is it hath wounded thee?
And who are these couered in tomblack hearse?

Bel. These are thy nephewes mightie Baiazet,

The fonne and daughter of good Alemshae,
VVhom cruell Acomat hath murdred thus.
These eyes beheld, when from an ayrie toure,
They hurld the bodie of yoong Mahomet,
VVhereas a band of armed souldiers,

1270 Received him falling on their speares sharp points.
His sister poore Zonara,
Entreating life and not obtaining it,
VVas strangled by his barbarous souldiers.
Baiazet sals in a sownd, and being recovered say:

Baia.

Baia. Oh you dispencers of our haplesse breath, Why do you glut your eyes, and take delight To fee fad pageants of mens miferies? Wherefore haue you prolong'd my wretched life, To fee my fonne my dearest Acomat, To lift his hands against his fathers life? Ah Selimus, now do I pardon thee, For thou did'ft fet vpon me manfully, And mou'd by an occasion, though vniust. But Acomat, iniurious Acomat, Is tentimes more vnnaturall to me. Haplesse Zonara, haplesse Mahomet, The poore remainder of my Alemshae, Which of you both shall Baiazet most waile? Ah both of you are worthie to be wailde. Happily dealt the froward fates with thee, Good Alemshae, for thou didst die in field, And so preuentedst this sad spectacle, Pitifull spectacle of fad dreeriment, Pitifull spectacle of dismall death. But I have liu'd to fee thee Alemshae, By Tartar Pirates all in peeces torne. To fee young Selims disobedience. To fee the death of Alemshaes poore feed. And last of all to see my Acomat Prooue a rebellious enemie to me. Beli. Ah cease your teares vnhappie Emperour, And shead not all for your poore nephews death. Six thousand of true-hearted citizens In faire Natolia, Acomat hath flaine: The channels run like riverets of blood, And I escap'd with this poore compande, Bemangled and difmembred as you fee, To be the messenger of these sad newes. And now mine eyes fast swimming in pale death, Bids me refigne my breath vnto the heauens, Death

Death stands before readie for to strike. Farewell deare Emperour and reuenge our losse, As euer thou doest hope for happinesse. He dies.

Baia. Auernus iawes and loathsome Tanarus, From whence the damned ghoasts do often creep, Back to the world to punish wicked men. Black Demogorgon, grandfather of night, Send out thy furies from thy fire hall, The pitilesse Erymnies arm'd with whippes,

To powre their plagues on curfed Acomat.

How shall I mourne, or which way shall I turne
To powre my teares vpon my dearest friends?

Couldst thou endue false-hearted Acomat,
To kill thy nephew and thy sister thus,
And wound to death so valiant a Lord?

And will you not you albeholding heauens,
Dart down on him your piercing lightning brand,
Enrold in sulphur, and consuming stames?

And may perhaps by counfell be reclaim'd

And brought to filiall obedience.

Aga thou art a man of peirfant wit,

Go thou and talke with my fonne Acomat,

And fee if he will any way relent.

Speake him faire Aga, leaft he kill thee too.

And we my Lords will in, and mourne a while,

Ouer these princes lamentable tombs.

Exeunt all.

Sc. xv Enter Acomat, Vifir, Regan, and their fouldiers.

1342 Aco. As Tityus in the countrie of the dead,
With reftlesse cries doth call vpon high Ioue,
The while the vulture tireth on his heart,
So Acomat, reuenge still gnawes thy soule.
I thinke my souldieis hands haue bene too slow,

In fheading blood, and murthring innocents.	
I thinke my wrath hath bene too patient,	
Since ciuill blood quencheth not out the flames	
Which Baiazet hath kindled in my heart.	1350
Vifir. My gratious Lord, here is a messenger	
Sent from your father the Emperour.	
Enter Aga, and one with him.	
Aco. Let him come in: Aga what newes with you?	
Aga. Great Prince, thy father mightie Baiazet,	
Wonders your grace whom he did loue fo much,	
And thought to leave possessour of the crowne,	
Would thus requite his loue with mortall hate,	
To kill thy nephewes with reuenging fword,	
And maffacre his fubiects in fuch fort.	1360
Aco. Aga, my father traitrous Baiazet,	1000
Detaines the crowne iniuriously from me,	
Which I will have if all the world fay nay.	
I am not like the vnmanured land,	
Which answeres not his honours greedie mind:	
I fow not feeds vpon the barren fand,	
A thousand wayes can Acomat soone finde,	
To gaine my will, which if I cannot gaine,	
Then purple blood my angry hands shall staine.	
Aga. Acomat, yet learne by Selimus,	1370
That haftie purposes haue hated endes.	
Aco. Tush Aga, Selim was not wife inough	
To fet vpon the head at the first brunt:	
He should have done as I do meane to do,	
Fill all the confines, with fire, fword, and blood:	
Burne vp the fields, and ouerthrow whole townes,	
And when he had endammaged that way,	
The teare the old man peecemeale with my teeth,	
And colour my strong hands with his gore-blood.	
Aga. O fee my Lord, how fell ambition	1380
Deceiues your fences and bewitcyes you,	111
Could you vnkind performe fo foule a deed,	
F 2	As

As kill the man, that first gaue life to you?

Do you not feare the peoples aduerse fame?

Aco. It is the greatest glorie of a king

When, though his subjects hate his wicked deeds

Yet are they forst to beare them all with praise.

Aga. Whom feare constraines to praise their princes deeds,

That feare, eternall hatred in them feeds.

Aco. He knowes not how to fway the kingly mace, That loues to be great in his peoples grace: The furest ground for kings to build vpon, Is to be fear'd and curst of euery one.

What though the world of nations me hate? Hate is peculiar to a princes state.

Aga. Where ther's no shame, no care of holy law,

No faith, no iuftice, no integritie, That state is full of mutabilitie.

Aco. Bare faith, pure vertue, poore integritie, 1400 Are ornaments fit for a private man, Befeemes a prince for to do all he can.

Aga. Yet know it is a facrilegious will, To flaie thy father were he nere so ill.

Aco. Tis lawfull gray-beard for to do to him, What ought not to be done vnto a father. Hath he not wip't me from the Turkish crowne? Preferr'd he not the stubborne Ianizaries, And heard the Bassaes stout petitions, Before he would give eare to my request?

Before my fword haue riuen his periur'd breft.

Aga. Ah let me neuer liue to see that day.

Aco. Yes thou shalt liue, but neuer see that day,

Wanting the tapers that should give thee light:

Puls out his eyes.

Thou shalt not see so great felicitie, When I shall rend out *Baiazets* dimme eyes, And by his death install my selfe a king.

Who have of

Aga. Ah cruell tyrant and vnmercifull,	
More bloodie then the Anthropomphagi,	1420
That fill their hungry stomachs with mans flesh.	
Thou shouldst have slaine me barbarous Acomat,	
Not leaue me in so comfortlesse a life	
To liue on earth, and neuer fee the funne.	
Aco. Nay let him die that liueth at his ease,	
Death would a wretched caitiue greatly please.	
Aga. And thinkst thou then to scape vnpuished,	
No Acomat, though both mine eyes be gone,	
Yet are my hands left on to murther thee.	
Aco. T'was wel remembred: Regan cut them off.	1430
They cut of his hands and give them Acomat.	13
Now in that fort go tell thy Fmperour	
That if himselfe had but bene in thy place,	
I would have vs'd him crueller then thee:	
Here take thy hands: I know thou lou'ft them wel.	
Opens his bosome, and puts them in.	18
Which hand is this? right? or left? canft thou tell?	Hereck
Aga. I know not which it is, but tis my hand.	1 70
But oh thou supreme architect of all,	
First mouer of those tenfold christall orbes,	1440
Where all those mouing, and vnmouing eyes	CEL
Behold thy goodnesse euerlastingly:	
See, vnto thee I lift these bloudie armes,	
For hands I have not for to lift to thee,	
And in thy iustice dart thy smouldring flame	
Vpon the head of curfed Acomat.	
Oh cruell heauens and iniurious fates,	
Euen the last refuge of a wretched man,	
Is tooke from me: for how can Aga weepe?	
Or ruine a brinish shew'r of pearled teares?	1450
Wanting the watry cesternes of his eyes?	24.80
Come lead me backe againe to Baiazet,	
The wofulleft, and fadd'ft Embassadour	
That euer was dispatch'd to any King.	
F 3	Aco.

Aco. Why fo, this muficke pleafes Acomat. And would I had my doating father here, I would rip vp his breaft, and rend his heart, Into his bowels thrust my angry hands, As willingly, and with as good a mind,

And by the cleare declining vault of heauen,
Whither the foules of dying men do flee,
Either I meane to dye the death my felfe,
Or make that old falfe faitour bleed his laft.
For death no forrow could vnto me bring,
So Acomot might die the Turkish king.

Exeunt All.

Sc. xvi Enter Baiazet, Mustaffa, Cali, Hali, and Aga led by a fouldier: who keeling before Baiazet, and holding his legs shall say:

Aga. Is this the bodie of my foueraigne?

Are these the sacred pillars that support

The image of true magnanimitie?

Ah Baiazet, thy sonne false Acomat

Is full resolued to take thy life from thee:

Tis true, tis true, witnesse these handlesse armes,

VVitnesse these emptie lodges of mine eyes,

VVitnesse the gods that from the highest heauen

Beheld the tyrant with remorcelesse heart,

VVitnesse that sun whose golden coloured beames
Your eyes do see, but mine can nere behold:
VVitnesse the earth that sucked vp my blood,
Streaming in rivers from my tronked armes.
VVitnesse the present that he sends to thee,
Open my bosome, there you shall it see.

Mustaffa opens his bosome and takes out his hands,

Those are the hands, which Aga once did vse, 1490 To tosse the speare, and in a warlike gyre

To hurtle my sharpe sword about my head, Those sends he to the wofull Emperour, With purpose so cut thy hands from thee. Why is my soueraigne silent all this while?

Ba. Ah Aga, Baiazet faine would speak to thee,
But sodaine forrow eateth vp my words.
Baiazet Aga, saine would weepe for thee,
But cruell forrow drieth vp my teares.
Baiazet Aga, saine would die for thee,
But griefe hath weakned my poore aged hands.
How can he speak, whose tongue forrow hath tide?
How can he mourne, that cannot shead a teare?

How shall he liue, that full of miserie

Calleth for death, which will not let him die?

Must. Let women weep, let children powre foorth teares,

And cowards spend the time in bootlesse mone. Wee'l load the earth with such a mightie hoast Of Ianizaries, sterne-borne sonnes of Mars, That Phab shall slie and hide him in the cloudes For seare our iauelins thrust him from his waine. Old Aga was a Prince among your Lords, His Councels alwaies were true oracles,

And shall he thus vnmanly be misus'd, And he vnpunished that did the deed? Shall *Mahomet* and poore *Zonaras* ghoasts, And the good gouernour of *Natalia* 

Wander in Stygian meadowes vnreueng'd? Good Emperour stir vp thy manly heart,
And send forth all thy warlike Ianizaries
To chastise that rebellious Account

To chastife that rebellious Acomat.

Thou knowst we cannot fight without a guide,
And he must be one of the royall blood,
Sprung from the loines of mightie Ottoman,
And who remaines now, but yoong Selimus?
So please your grace to pardon his offence,

And make him captaine of th'imperiall hoaft.

1500

here There pertured 41

1510

1520

4.5. the langue weeks

Baia.

Baia. I good Mustaffa, send for Selimus, So I may be reueng'd I care not how, The worst that can befall me is but death, 1530 That would end my wofull miserie.

Selimus he must worke me this good turne, I cannot kill my selfe, hee'l do't for me.

Come Aga, thou and I will weepe the while:

Thou for thy eyes and losse of both thy hands,
I for th'vnkindnesse of my Acomat.

Exeunt All.

Sc. xvii Enter Selimus, and a messenger with a letter from Baiazet.

Selim. Will fortune fauour me yet once againe?

1540 And will she thrust the cards into my hands?

VVell if I chance but once to get the decke,

To deale about and shusse as I would:

Let Selim neuer see the day-light spring,

Vnlesse I shusse out my selse a king.

Friend let me see thy letter once againe,

That I may read these reconciling lines.

Reades the letter.

Thou hast a pardon Selim granted thee.

Mustaffa and the forward Ianizaries

That thou maist be their captaine generall Against th'attempts of Souldane Acomat.

VVhy thats the thing that I requested most, That I might once th'imperial armie leade: And since its offred me so willingly, Beshrew me but ile take their curtesie. Soft let me see is there no policie

T'entrap poore Selimus in this deuice?

It may be that my father seares me yet, 1560 Least I should once againe rise vp in armes,

And like Anteus queld by Hercules, Gather new forces by my ouerthrow:

And therefore fends for me vnder pretence Of this, and that: but when he hath me there, Hee'll make me fure for putting him in feare. Distrust is good, when theirs cause of distrust. Read it againe, perchance thou doest mistake.

(Reade.

O, heer's Mustaffas signet set thereto,
Then Selim cast all foolish feare aside,
For hee's a Prince that fauours thy estate,
And hateth treason worse then death it selfe.
And hardly can I thinke he could be brought
If there were treason, to subscribe his name.
Come friend, the cause requires we shuld be gone,
Now once againe haue at the Turkish throne.

Exeunt Both.

Enter Baiazet leading Aga, Mustaffa, Hali, Cali, Selimus, the Ianizaries.

Baia. Come mournfull Aga, come and fit by me,

Thou hast bene forely grieu'd for Baiazet, Good reason then that he should grieue for thee. Giue me thy arm, though thou hast lost thy hands, And liu'st as a poore exile in this light,

Yet hast thou wonne the heart of Baiazet.

Aga. Your graces words are verie comfortable,
And well can Aga beare his grieuous losse,
Since it was for so good a Princes sake.

Seli. Father, if I may call thee by that name, Whose life I aim'd at with rebellious sword: In all humilitie thy reformed sonne, Offers himselfe into your graces hands, And at your feete laieth his bloodie sword, Which he aduanc'd against your maiestie. If my offence do seeme so odious That I deserve not longer time to live, Behold I open vnto you my brest,

Readie prepar'd to die at your command.

Sc. xviii

1580

1570

1590

But

But if repentance in vnfained heart, 1600 And forrow for my grieuous crime forepast, May merit pardon at your princely hands. Behold where poore inglorious Selimus, Vpon his knees begs pardon of your grace.

Baia. Stand vp my fon, I ioy to heare thee speak, But more, to heare thou art so well reclaim'd. Thy crime was nere so odious vnto me, But thy reformed life and humble thoughts, Are thrice as pleasing to my aged spirit.

Selim we here pronounce thee by our will,

Go lead them out against false Acomat,
Which hath so grieuously rebell'd gainst me.
Spare him not Selim, though he be my sonne,
Yet do I now cleane disinherit him,
As common enemy to me and mine.

Seli. May Selim liue to shew how dutifull And louing he will be to Baiazet.

So now doth fortune smile on me againe, And in regard of former iniuries,

1620 Offer me millions of Diadems:

1630

I smile to see how that the good old man,
Thinks Selims thoughts are broght to such an ebbe
As he hath cast off all ambitious hope.
But soone shall that opinion be remou'd,
For if I once get mongst the Ianizars,
Then on my head the golden crowne shall sit.

Well Baiazet, I feare me thou wilt greeue,
That ere thou didft thy faining fonne beleeue.
Exit Selim, with all the rest, saue Baiazet

Ba. Now Aga, all the thoghts that troubled me, Do rest within the center of my heart, And thou shalt shortly ioy as much with me, Then Acomat by Selims consuming sword,

Shall

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.	
Shall leefe that ghoaft, which made thee loofe thy fight.	
Aga. Ah Baiazet, Aga lookes not for reuenge,	
But will powre out his praiers to the heauens,	
That Acomat may learne by Selimus,	
To yeeld himselfe vp to his fathers grace.	
Sound within, long live Selimus Emperour	1640
of Turkes.	and the
Baia. How now, what fodaine triumph haue we here?	
Must. Ah gratious Lord, the captaines of the hoste,	
With one affent haue crown'd Prince Selimus,	
And here he comes with all the Ianizaries,	
To craue his confirmation at thy hands.	
Enter Cali Baffa, Selimus, Hali Baffa, Sinam,	
and the Ianizaries.	
Sinam. Baiazet, we the captaines of thy hoaft,	
Knowing thy weake and too vnwildie age,	1650
Vnable is longer to gouerne vs:	
Haue chosen Selimus thy younger sonne	
That he may be our leader and our guide,	
Against the Sophi and his Persians,	
Gainst the victorious Soldane Tonumbey.	
Their wants but thy confent, which we wil haue,	
Or hew thy bodie peece-meale with our fwords.	
Baia. Needs must I giue, what is alreadie gone.	
He takes of his crowne.	
Here Selimus, thy father Baiazet	1660
Weeried with cares that wayt vpon a king,	
Refignes the crowne as willingly to thee,	
As ere my father gaue it vnto me.	
Sets it on his head.	
All. Long liue Selimus Emperour of Turkes.	
Baia. Liue thou a long and a victorious raigne,	
And be triumpher of thine enemies.	
Aga and I will to Dimoticum,	
And liue in peace the remnant of our dayes.	
Exit Baiazet and Aga.	1670
G 2 Seli	

Seli. Now fit I like the arme-strong fon of Ioue, When after he had all his monsters quell'd, He was receiu'd in heauen mongst the gods, And had faire Hebe for his louely bride. As many labours Selimus hath had, And now at length attained to the crowne, This is my Hebe, and this is my heauen. Baiazet goeth to Dimoticum, And there he purposes to liue at ease,

Thou shalt not sleep in rest without some broyle,
For Baiazet is vnconstant as the winde:
To make that sure I have a platforme laid.
Baiazet hath with him a cunning Iew,
Professing phisicke, and so skill'd therein,

As if he had pow'r ouer life and death. Withall, a man fo ftout and refolute, That he will venture any thing for gold.

This Iew with fome intoxicated drinke,
1690 Shall poyfon Baiazet and that blind Lord,
Then one of Hydraes heads is cleane cut off.
Go fome and fetch Abraham the Iew.

Exit one for Abraham.

Corcut, thy pageant next is to be plaid. For though he be a graue Philosopher, Giuen to read Mahomets dread lawes, And Razins toyes, and Auicemaes drugges, Yet he may have a longing for the crowne. Besides, he may by divellish Negromancie

1700 Procure my death, or worke my ouerthrow,
The diuell still is readie to do harme.
Hali, you and your brother presently
Shall with an armie to Magnesia,
There you shall find the scholler at his booke,
And hear'st thou Hali? strangle him.

Exeunt Hali, and Cali.

Corcut

Corcut once dead, then Acomat remaines, Whose death wil make me certaine of the crowne. These heads of Hydra are the principall, When these are off, some other will arise, As Amurath and Aladin, sonnes to Acomat, My fifter Solyma, Mustaffaes wife, All these shall suffer shipwrack on a shelfe, - And ways well h Rather then Selim will be drown'd himselfe. Enter Abraham the Iew. Iew thou art welcome vnto Selimus, I have a piece of feruice for you fir, But on your life be fecret in the deed. Get a strong poylon, whose enuenom'd taste May take away the life of Baiazet, Before he passe forth of Bizantium. Abra. I warrant you my gratious foueraigne, He shall be quickly fent vnto his graue, For I have potions of fo strong a force, That whofoeuer touches them shall die. Speakes afide. And wold your grace would once but tast of them I could as willingly affoord them you, As your aged father Baiazet. My Lord, I am refolu'd to do the deed. Exit. Abraham. Seli. So this is well: for I am none of those That make a confcience for to kill a man. For nothing is more hurtfull to a Prince, Then to be scrupulous and religious. I like Lysanders counfell paffing well, If that I cannot speed with lyons force, To cloath my complots in a foxes skin. For th'onely things that wrought our Empirie Were open wrongs, and hidden trecherie. Oh, th'are two wings wherewith I vie to flie And foare aboue the common fort. G 3

If any feeke our wrongs to remedie, With these I take his meditation short, And one of these shall stil maintaine my cause, Or foxes skin, or lions rending pawes.

Exeunt All.

Sc. xix Enter Baiazet, Aga, in mourning clokes,
Abraham the Iew with a cup.

For fortune neuer shew'd her selfe so crosse,
To any Prince as to poore Baiazet.
That wofull Emperour first of my name,
Whom the Tartarians locked in cage,
To be a spectacle to all the world,
Was ten times happier then I am.
For Tamberlaine the scourge of nations,
Was he that puld him from his kingdome so.
But mine owne sonnes, expell me from the throne,

Or what shall I begin to make my mone.
Or what shall I sirst recken in my plaint,
From my youth vp I have bene drown'd in woe,
And to my latest houre I shall be so.
You swelling seas of neuer ceasing care,
Whose waves my weather-beaten ship do tosse,
Your boystrous billowes too vnruly are
And threaten still my ruine and my losse:
Like hugie mountaines do your waters reare,
Their lostie toppes, and my weake vessell crosse.

1770 Alas at length allaie your stormie strife,
And cruell wrath within me rages rife.
Or else my feeble barke cannot endure,
Your stashing bussets and outragious blowes,
But while thy foamie floud doth it immure,
Shall soone be wrackt vpon the sandie shallowes.
Griefe my leaud boat-swaine stirreth nothing sure,
But without stars gainst tide and wind he rowes,
And cares not though vpon some rock we split,

A reftleffe

A reftlesse pilot for the charge vnfit. But out alasse, the god that vales the sea, And can alone this raging tempest stent, Will neuer blow a gentle gale of eafe, But fuffer my poore veffell to be rent. Then ô thou blind procurer of mischance, That staift thy felfe vpon a turning wheele, Thy cruel hand euen when thou wilt enhance, And pierce my poore hart with thy chrillant steele Aga. Cease Baiazet, now it is Agas turne, Rest thou a while and gather vp more teares, The while poore Aga tell his Tragedie. 1790 When first my mother brought me to the world, Some blazing Comet ruled in the skie, Portending miserable chance to me. My parents were but men of poore estate, And happie yet had wretched Aga bene, If Baiazet had not exalted him. Poore Aga, had it not bene much more faire, T'haue died among the cruell Perfians, Then thus at home by barbarous tyrannie To live and never fee the cheerfull day, 1800 And to want hands wherewith to feele the way. Ba. Leaue weeping Aga, we have wept inough, Now Baiazet will ban another while, And vtter curses to the concaue skie, Which may infect the regions of the ayre, And bring a generall plague on all the world. Night thou most antient grand-mother of all, First made by love, for rest and quiet sleepe, When cheerful day is gon from th'earths wide hall. Henceforth thy mantle in blak Lethe fleepe, And cloath the world in darknesse infernall. Suffer not once the joyfull dailight peepe, But let thy pitchie steeds aye draw thy waine, And coaleblack filence in the world ftill raigne.

Curfe

Curse on my parents that first brought me vp,
And on the cradle wherein I was rockt,
Curse on the day when first I was created
The chiefe commander of all Asia.
Curse on my sonnes that drive me to this griefe,
1820 Curse on my selfe that can finde no reliefe.

And curse on him, an euerlasting curse,
That quench'd those lampes of euerburning light,
And tooke away my Agas warlike hands.
And curse on all things vnder the wide skie,
Ah Aga, I haue curst my stomacke drie.

Abra. I have a drinke my Lords of noble worth, Which foone will calme your stormie passions, And glad your hearts if so you please to taste it.

Baia. For who art thou that thus doest pitie vs?

Abra. Your highnesse humble servant Abrabā.

Baia. Abrabam sit downe and drink to Baiazet.

Abra. Faith I am old as well as Baiazet,

And haue not many months to live on earth,

I care not much to end my life with him.

Heer's to you Lordings with a full caroufe.

He drinkes.

Baia. Here Aga, wofull Baiazet drinkes to thee.

Abraham, hold the cup to him while he drinkes.

Abra. Now knowold Lords, that you have drunk your last:

This was a potion which I did prepare
To poyfon you, by Selimus instigation,
And now it is dispersed through my bones,
And glad I am that such companions
Shall go with me downe to Proserpina.

He dies.

Baia. Ah wicked Iew, ah curfed Selimus,
How have the destins dealt with Baiazet,
That none shuld cause my death but mine own son?
Had Ismael and his warlike Persians
1850 Pierced my bodie with their iron speares,

Or had the ftrong vnconquer'd Tonumbey
With his Aegyptians tooke me prisoner,
And sent me with his valiant Mammalukes,
To be praie vnto the Crocodilus.
It neuer would have grieu'd me halfe so much.
But welcome death into whose calmie port,
My sorrow-beaten soule ioyes to arrive.
And now farewell my disobedient sonnes,
Vnnaturall sonnes vnworthie of that name.
Farewell sweete life, and Aga now farewell,
Till we shall meete in the Elysian fields.

1860

He dies.

Aga. What greater griefe had mournful Priamus,
Then that he liu'd to fee his Hector die,
His citie burnt downe by reuenging flames,
And poore Polites flaine before his face?
Aga, thy griefe is matchable to his,
For I haue liu'd to fee my foueraignes death,
Yet glad that I must breath my last with him.
And now farewell sweet light, which my poore eyes
These twice six moneths neuer did behold:
Aga will follow noble Baiazet,
And beg a boone of louely Proserpine,
That he and I may in the mournfull fields,
Still weepe and waile our strange calamities.

1870

He dies

Enter Bullithrumble, the shepheard running in hast, Sc. \*\*

Bulli. Ha, ha, ha, married quoth you? Marry and Bullithrumble were to begin the world againe, I would fet a tap abroach, 1880 and not liue in daily feare of the breach of my wives ten-commandemens. Ile tell you what, I thought my felfe as proper a fellow at wasters, as any in all our village, and yet when my wife begins to plaie clubbes trumpe with me, I am faine to sing:

What hap had I to marry a shrew, For she hath given me many a blow,

And

H

And how to please her alas I do not know.

From morne to euen her toong ne'r lies,
Sometime she laughs, sometime she cries:
And I can scarce keep her talets fro my eies.
When from abroad I do come in,
Sir knaue she cries, where haue you bin?
Thus please, or displease, she laies it on my
Then do I crouch, then do I kneele, (skin.
And wish my cap were furr'd with steele,
To beare the blows that my poore head doth feele.
But our sir sohn bestrew thy hart,
For thou hast ioynd vs we cannot part,
And I poore foole, must euer beare the smart.

die, she came with a holly wand, and so blest my shoulders that I was faine to runne through a whole Alphabet of faces: now at the last seeing she was so cramuk with me, I began to sweare all the crisse crosse row ouer, beginning at great A, little a, til I cam to w, x, y. And snatching vp my sheephooke, & my bottle and my bag, like a desperate fellow ranne away, and here now ile sit downe and eate my meate.

While he is eating, Enter Corcut and his Page,

disguised like mourners.

1910 Cor. O hatefull hellish snake of Tartary,
That feedest on the soule of noblest men,
Damned ambition, cause of all miserie,
Why doest thou creep from out thy loathsome fen,
And with thy poyson animatest friends,
And gape and long one for the others ends.
Selimus, could'st thou not content thy mind,
With the possession of the sacred throne,
Which thou didst get by fathers death vnkind:
Whose poison'd ghost before high God doth grone.

1920 But thou must seeke poore Corcuts ouerthrow,

That neuer injured thee, fo, nor fo?

1890

Old Halies fonnes with two great companie Of barded horse, were sent from Selimus, To take me prisoner in Magnesia, And death I am fure should have befell to me, If they had once but fet their eyes on me. So thus difguifed my poore Page and I, Fled fast to Smirna, where in a darke caue We meant t'await th'arrivall of some ship That might transfreit vs fafely vnto Rhodes. But fee how fortune croft my enterprise. Bostangi Bassa, Selims sonne in law, Kept all the sea coasts with his Brigandines, That if we had but ventured on the fea, I prefently had bene his prifoner. These two dayes have we kept vs in the caue, Eating fuch hearbes as the ground did affoord: And now through hunger are we both conftrain'd Like fearefull fnakes to creep out step by step, And fee if we may get vs any food. And in good time, fee yonder fits a man, Spreading a hungry dinner on the graffe.

Bullithrumble spies them, and puts vp his meate.

Bull. These are some felonians, that seeke to rob me, well, ile make my felfe a good deale valianter then I am indeed, and if they will needes creep into kindred with me, ile betake me to my old occupation, and runne away.

Corcut. Haile groome.

Bull. Good Lord fir, you are deceived, my names mafter Bullithrumble: this is some consoning conicatching crosbiter, that 1950 would faine perswade me he knowes me, and so vnder a tence of familiaritie and acquaintance, vncle me of victuals.

Corcut. Then Bullithrumble, if that be thy name:

Bull. My name fir ô Lord yes, and if you wil not beleeue me, I wil bring my godfathers and godmothers, and they shal swear it vpon the font-stone, and vpon the church booke too, where it is written.

н

Bull.

1930

1940

Bull. Masse, I thinke he be some Iustice of peace, ad quorum, and omnium populorum, how he samines me: a christian, yes mar1960 rie am I sir, yes verely and do beleeue: and it please you ile goe forward in my catechisme.

forward in my catechisme.

Corcut. Then Bullithrumble, by that bleffed Christ,

And by the tombe where he was buried,

By foueraigne hope which thou conceiu'ft in him,

Whom dead, as euerliuing thou adorest.

Bull. O Lord helpe me, I shall be torne in peeces with diuels and goblins.

Corcut. By all the ioyes thou hop'ft to have in heaven,

Giue fome meate to poore hunger-starued men.

be as stately to them as if I were maister Pigwiggen our constable: well firs come before me, tell me if I should entertain you, would you not steale?

Page. If we did meane so fir, we would not make your wor-

ship acquainted with it.

Bulli. A good well nutrimented lad: well if you will keepe my sheepe truly and honestly, keeping your hands from lying and slandering, and your tongues from picking and stealing, you shall be maister Bullithrumbles servitures.

1980 Corcut. With all our hearts.

Bulli. Then come on and follow me, we will have a hogges cheek, and a dish of tripes, and a societie of puddings, & to field: a societie of puddings, did you marke that well vsed metaphor? Another would have said, a company of puddings: if you dwel with me long sirs, I shall make you as eloquent as our parson himselfe.

Exeunt Corcut, and Bullithrumble.

Page. Now is the time when I may be enrich'd.

The brethren that were fent by Selimus

1990 To take my Lord, Prince Corcut prisoner,
Finding him fled, proposed large rewards

To them that could declare where he remaines.

Faith ile to them and get the portagues,

Though

May do

Though by the bargain Corcut loofe his head.

Exit Page.

Enter Selimus, Sinam-baffa, the courses of Mustaffa and Aga, Sc. xxi with funerall pompe, Mustaffa, and the Ianizaries.

Seli. Why thus must Selim blind his subject eies,

And straine his owne to weep for Baiazet.

They will not dreame I made him away,

When thus they see me with religious pompe,

To celebrate his tomb-blacke mortarie

(To himfelfe.

To celebrate his tomb-blacke mortarie.

And though my heart cast in an iron mould,
Cannot admit the smallest dramme of griefe,
Yet that I may be thought to loue him well,
Ile mourne in shew, though I reioyce indeed.

To the courses.

Thus after he hath fiue long ages liu'd,
The facred Phænix of Arabia,
Loadeth his wings with pretious perfumes,
And on the altar of the golden funne,
Offers himselfe a gratefull facrifice.
Long didst thou liue triumphant Baiazet,
A feare vnto thy greatest enemies,
And now that death the conquerour of Kings,
Dislodged hath thy neuer dying soule,
To slee vnto the heauens from whence she came,
And leaue her fraile, earth pauilion,
Thy bodie in this auntient monument,

2010

Where our great predecessours sleep in rest:

Suppose the Temple of Mahomet.

Thy wofull sonne Selimus thus doth place.

Thy wofull fonne Selimus thus doth place.

Thou wert the Phanix of this age of ours,

And diedst wrapped in the sweete perfumes,

Of thy magnifick deeds, whose lasting praise

Mounteth to highest heauen with golden wings.

Princes come beare your Emperour companie

In, till the dayes of mourning be ore past,

And then we meane to rouze false Acomat,

And

H 3

2030 And cast him foorth of Macedonia.

Exeunt All.

Sc. xxii

Enter Hali, Cali, Corcuts Page, and one or two fouldiers.

Page. My Lords, if I bring you not where Corcut is, then let me be hanged, but if I deliuer him vp into your hands, then let me haue the reward due to fo good a deed.

Hali. Page, if thou shew vs where thy maister is, Be sure thou shalt be honoured for the deed,

And high exalted aboue other men.

Enter Corcut, and Bullith

Enter Corcut, and Bullithrumble.

Page. That fame is he, that in difguifed robes,
Accompanies you shepheard to the fields.

Cor. The fweet content that country life affoords, Passeth the royall pleasures of a King:
For there our ioyes are interlaced with seares:
But here no feare nor care is harboured,
But a sweete calme of a most quiet state.
Ah Corcut, would thy brother Selimus

But let thee liue, here should'st thou spend thy life, 2050 Feeding thy sheep among these grassie lands.

But fure I wonder where my Page is gone.

Hali. Corcut.

Corcut. Ay-me, who nameth me?

Hali. Hali, the gouernour of Magnefia.

Poore prince, thou thoughtft in these disguised weeds,
To maske vnseene: and happily thou might'st,
But that thy Page betraied thee to vs.

And be not wrath with vs vnhappie prince,
If we do what our soueraigne commands.

2060 Tis for thy death that Selim fends for thee.

Cor. Thus I like poore Ampharaus, fought
By hiding my estate in shepheards coate,
T'escape the angry wrath of Selimus.
But as his wife false Eriphyle did
Betray his safetie for a chaine of gold,

So my false Page hath vilely dealt with me, Pray God that thou maist prosper so as she. Hali, I know thou forrowest for my case, But it is bootlesse, come and let vs go, Corcut is readie, since it is must be so.

2070

Cali. Shepheard.

Bulli. Thats my profession fir. Cali. Come, you must go with vs.

Bulli. Who I? Alasse fir, I have a wife and seventeene cradles rocking, two ploughs going, two barnes filling, and a great heard of beasts feeding, and you should vtterly vndo me to take me to such a great charge.

Cali. Well there is no remedie.

Exeunt all, but Bullithrumble stealing from them closely away.

Bulli. The mores the pitie. Go with you quoth he, marrie that had bene the way to preferment, downe Holburne vp Tiburne: well ile keepe my best ioynt from the strappado as well as I can hereafter, Ile haue no more servants.

Exit running away.

Enter Selimus, Sinam-Bassa, Mustaffa, and the Ianizaries.

Sc. xxiii

Seli. Sinam, we heare our brother Acomat Is fled away from Macedonia,
To aske for aide of Perfian Ismael,
And the Ægyptian Soldane our chiefe foes.

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Sinam. Herein my Lord I like his enterprife, For if they giue him aide as fure they will, Being your highnesse vowed enemies, You shall haue iust cause for to warre on them, For giuing succour gainst you, to your foe. You know they are two mightie Potentates, And may be hurtfull neighbours to your grace, And to enrich the Turkish Diademe.

With

Would be eternall glorie to your name.

Seli. By heavens Sinam, th'art a warriour,

And worthie counceller vnto a King.

Sound within. Enter Cali and Hali, with

Corcut and his Page.

How now, what newes?

Cali. My gratious Lord, we here present to you Your brother Corcut, whom in Smirna coasts Feeding a flocke of sheepe vpon a downe,
2110 His traitrous Page betraied to our hands.

Seli. Thanks ye bold brethren, but for that false part,

Let the vile Page be famished to death.

Corcut. Selim, in this I fee thou art a Prince,

To punish treason with condigne reward.

Seli. O fir, I loue the fruite that treason brings, But those that are the traitors, them I hate. But Corcut could not your Philosophie Keepe you safe from my Ianizaries hands. We thought you had old Gyges wondrous ring,

2120 That fo you were inuifible to vs.

Cor. Selim, thou dealst vnkindly with thy brother, To seeke my death, and make a iest of me. Vpbraid'st thou me with my philosophie? Why this I learn'd by studying learned arts, That I can beare my fortune as it falles, And that I seare no whit thy crueltie, Since thou wilt deale no otherwise with me, Then thou hast dealt with aged Baiazet.

Seli. By heavens Corcut, thou shalt furely die,

2130 For flandring Selim with my fathers death.

Cor. The let me freely speak my mind this once, For thou shalt neuer heare me speake againe.

Sel. Nay we can give fuch loofers leave to fpeak. Cor. Then Selim, heare thy brothers dying words, And marke them well, for ere thou die thy felfe,

Thou

Thou shalt perceive all things will come to passe, That Coreut doth divine before his death. Since my vaine flight from faire Magnefia, Selim I have converft with Christians, And learn'd of them the way to faue my foule, And please the anger of the highest God. Tis he that made this pure Christalline vault Which hangeth ouer our vnhappie heads, From thence he doth behold each finners fault: And though our finnes vnder our feete he treads, And for a while seeme for to winke at vs. But is to recall vs from our wayes. But if we do like head-strong sonnes neglect To hearken to our louing fathers voyce, Then in his anger will he vs reject, And give vs ouer to our wicked choyce. Selim before his dreadfull maiestie, There lies a booke written with bloudie lines, Where our offences all are registred. Which if we do not haftily repent, We are referu'd to lasting punishment. Thou wretched Selimus hast greatest need To ponder these things in thy secret thoughts, If thou confider what strange massacres And cruell murthers thou haft caus'd be done. Thinke on the death of wofull Baiazet. Doth not his ghoaft stil haunt thee for reuenge? Selim in Chiurlu didft thou fet vpon Our aged father in his fodaine flight: In Chiurlu shalt thou die a greeuous death. And if thou wilt not change thy greedie mind, Thy foule shall be tormented in darke hell, Where woe, and woe, and neuer ceafing woe, Shall found about thy euer-damned foule. Now Selim I have spoken, let me die: I neuer will intreate thee for my life.

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Selim

Selim farewell: thou God of Christians, Receive my dying soule into thy hands. (S

(Strangles him.

Seli. What is he dead? then Selimus is fafe, And hath no more corriuals in the crowne. For as for Acomat he foone shall see, His Persian aide cannot saue him from me. Now Sinam march to faire Amasia walles,

Where Acomats stout Queene immures her selfe,

For fince her husband is my enemy,
I fee no cause why she should be my friend.
They say yoong Amurath and Aladin,
Her bastard brood, are come to succour her.
But ile preuent this their officiousnesse,
And send their soule downe to their grandfather.
Mustaffa you shall keepe Bizantium,
While I and Sinam girt Amasia.

Exit Selimus, Sinam, Ianizaries all saue one.

Must. It grieves my soule that Baiazets faire line, Should be eclipsed thus by Selimus,
Whose cruell soule will never be at rest
Till none remaine of Ottomans faire race
But he himselse: yet for old Baiazet
Loued Mustassa deare vnto his death,
I will shew mercy to his familie.
Go firra, poast to Acomats yoong sonnes,
And bid them as they meane to save their lives,
To slie in haste from faire Amasia,

2200 Least cruell Selim put them to the fword.

Exit one to Amurath and Aladin.

And now Mustaffa, prepare thou thy necke, For thou art next to die by Selims hands. Stearne Sinam Bassa, grudgeth still at thee, And crabbed Hali stormeth at thy life, All repine that thou art honour'd so, To be the brother of their Emperour.

Enter

Enter Solyma.	
But wherefore comes my louely Solyma?	
Soly. Mustaffa I am come to seeke thee out,	2210
If euer thy distressed Solyma,	
Found grace and fauour in thy manly heart:	
Flie hence with me vnto fome defert land,	
For if we tarry here we are but dead.	
This night when faire Lucinaes shining waine,	
Was past the chaire of bright Cassiopey,	
A fearefull vision appear'd to me.	
Me thought Mustaffa, I beheld thy necke	
So often folded in my louing armes,	
In foule difgrace of Bassaes faire degree,	2220
With a vile haltar basely compassed.	
And while I powr'd my teares on thy dead corpes,	
A greedie lyon with wide gaping throate,	
Seaz'd on my trembling bodie with his feete,	
And in a moment rent me all to nought.	
Flie fweet Mustaffa, or we be but dead.	
Must. Why should we flie beauteous Solyma,	
Mou'd by a vaine and a fantastique dreame?	
Or if we did flie, whither should we flie?	
If to the farthest part of Asia,	2230
Know'ft thou not Solyma, kings hanelong hands?	
Come, come, my ioy, returne againe with me,	
And banish hence these melancholy thoughts. (Exeunt.	THE R. LEWIS CO., LANSING, MICH.
Enter Aladin, Murath, the messenger.	Sc. xxiv
Aladin. Messenger is it true that Selimus	
Is not far hence encamped with his hoste?	
And meanes he to difioyne the haplesse sonnes	
From helping our diffressed mothers towne?	
Meff. Tis true my Lord, and if you loue your lives	
Flie from the bounds of his dominions,	2240
For he you know is most vnmercifull.	-
Amu. Here messenger take this for thy reward. Exit mess.	
But we fweet Aladin, let vs depart,	-11
Now in the quiet filence of the night	
I 2 That	

That ere the windowes of the morne be ope, We may be far inough from Selimus.

2247 He to Aegyptus.

Alinda. I to Persia. (Exeunt.

Sc. xxv Enter Selimus, Sinam, Hali, Cali, Ianizaries. Seli. But is it certaine Hali they are gone?

And that Mustaffa moued them to flie?

Hali. Certaine my Lord, I met the messenger

As he returned from yoong Alinda:

And learned of them, Mustaffa, was the man That certified the Princes of your will.

Seli. It is inough: Mustaffa shall abie At a deare price his pitifull intent.

Hali go fetch Mustaffa and his wife. (Exit Hali.

For though she be fifter to Selimus, 2260 Yet loues she him better then Selimus. So that if he do die at our command,

And she should liue: soone wold she worke a mean

To worke reuenge for her Mustaffas death.

Enter Hali, Mustaffa, and Solima.
False of thy faith, and traitor to thy king,
Did we so highly alway honour thee,
And doest thou thus requite our loue with treason,
For why should'st thou send to yoong Alinda,

And Amurath, the sonnes of Acomat, 2270 To give them notice of our secrecies, Knowing they were my vowed enemies?

Must. I do not feeke to lesson my offence Great Selimus, but truly do protest I did it not for hatred of your grace, So helpe me God and holy Mahomet. But for I grieu'd to see the samous stocke Of worthie Baiazet sall to decay, Therefore I sent the Princes both away.

Your highnesse knowes Mustaffa was the man 2280 That sau'd you in the battell of Churlu,

When

When I and all the warlike Ianizaries
Had hedg'd your person in a dangerous ring.
Yet I tooke pitie on your daunger there,
And made a way for you to scape by slight.
But those your Bassaes haue incensed you,
Repining at Mustassa dignitie.
Stearne Sinam grindes his angry teeth at me.
Old Halies sonnes do bend their browes at me,
And are agrieued that Mustassa hath
Shewed himselse a better man then they.
And yet the Ianizars mourne for me,
They know Mustassa neuer proued salse.
I, I haue bene as true to Selimus,
As euer subject to his soueraigne,
So helpe me God and holy Mahomet.

Seli. You did it not because you hated vs, But for you lou'd the sonnes of Acomat.

Sinam, I charge thee quickly strangle him, He loues not me that loues mine enemies.

As for your holy protestation, It cannot enter into Selims eares:

For why Mustaffa? every marchant man

Will praise his own ware be it ne'r so bad. Solima. For Solimas sake mightie Selimus, Spare my Mustaffas life, and let me die: Or if thou wilt not be so gratious, Yet let me die before I see his death.

Seli. Nay Solima, your felfe shall also die, Because you may be in the selfesame fault. Why stai'st thou Sinam? strangle him I say.

Sinam strangles him.

Soli. Ah Selimus, he made thee Emperour,
And wilt thou thus requite his benefits?

Thou art a cruell tygre and no man,
That coul'st endure to see before thy face,
So braue a man as my Mustaffa was,

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Cruelly

Cruelly strangled for so small a fault.

Seli. Thou shalt not after liue him Solima.

Twere pitie thou should'st want the company

2320 Of thy deare husband: Sinam strangle her.

And now to faire Amasia let vs march.

Acomats wise, and her vnmanly hoast,

Will not be able to endure our sight,

Much lesse make strong resistance in hard sight.

Exeunt.

Sc. xxvi Enter Acomat, Tonombeius, Vifir, Regan, and their fouldiers.

Aco. Welcome my Lords into my natiue foyle,
The crowne whereof by right is due to me:
2330 Though Selim by the Ianizaries choyce,
Through vsurpation keep the same from me.
You know contrary to my fathers mind,
He was enthronized by the Bassaes will,
And after his enstalling, wickedly
By poyson made good Baiazes to die.
And strangled Corcut, and exiled me.
These iniuries we come for to reuenge,
And raise his siege from faire Amasia walles.

Tonom. Prince of Amasia, and the rightful heire
2340 Vnto the mightie Turkish Diadem:
With willing heart great Tonombey hath left
Ægyptian Nilus and my fathers court,
To aide thee in thy vndertaken warre,
And by the great Vsancassanos ghoast,
Companion vnto mightie Tamberlaine,
From whom my father lineally descends,
Fortune shall shew her selfe too crosse to me,
But we will thrust Selimus from his throne,
And reuest Acomat in the Empirie.

But let vs haste vs to Amasia,
To succour my besieged citizens.

None

None but my Queene is ouerfeer there, And too too weake is all her pollicie, Against so great a foe as Selimus.

Ex	eu	int	All	
1	. 2			

Enter Selimus, Sinam, Hali, Cali, and the Ianizaries.

Seli. Summon a parley firs, that we may know Whether these Mushroms here will yeeld or no.

A parley: Queene of Amasia, and her souldiers on the walles.

Queen. What crauest thou bloud-thirstie parricide? Ift not inough that thou hast foulely slaine, Thy louing father noble Baiazet, And strangled Corcut thine vnhappie brother Slaine braue Mustaffa, and faire Solima? Because they fauoured my vnhappie sonnes. But thou must yet seeke for more massacres? Go, wash thy guiltie hands in luke-warme blood. 2370

Enrich thy fouldiers with robberies:

Yet do the heavens still beare an equal eye, And vengeance followes thee euen at the heeles.

Seli. Queene of Amasia, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe? Queen. First shall the ouer-slowing Euripus

Of fwift Eubæa stop his restlesse course

And Phabs bright globe bring the day fro the west, And quench his hot flames in the Esterne sea.

Thy bloudie fword vngratious Selimus

Sheath'd in the bowels of thy dearest friends: Thy wicked gard which still attends on thee,

Fleshing themselves in murther, lust, and rape:

What hope of fauour? what fecuritie? Rather what death do they not promife me?

Then thinke not Selimus that we will yeeld, But looke for strong resistance at our hands.

Seli, Why then you neuer danted Ianizaries, Aduance your shields and vncontrolled speares,

Sc. xxvii

Your

Your conquering hands in foe-mens blood embay, 2390 For Selimus himselfe will lead the way. Allarum, beats them off the walles. Allarum.

Sc. xxviii Enter Selimus, Sinam, Hali, Cali, Ianizaries, with Acomats Queene prisoner.

Se. Now sturdie dame, where are your men of war To gard your person from my angry sword? What? though brau'd vs on your citie walles, Like to that Amanonian Menalip, Leauing the bankes of swift-stream'd Thermodon To challenge combat with great Hercules:

2400 Yet Selimus hath pluckt your haughtie plumes, Nor can your fpouse rebellious Acomat, Nor Alinda, or Amurath your sonnes, Deliuer you from our victorious hands.

Queen. Selim I fcorne thy threatnings as thy felfe. And though ill hap hath given me to thy hands, Yet will I neuer beg my life of thee. Fortune may chance to frowne as much on thee. And Acomat whom thou doeft fcorne fo much, May take thy base Tartarian concubine,

2410 As well as thou hast tooke his loyall Queene.

Thou hast not fortune tied in a chaine,

Nor doest thou like a warie pilot sit,

And wisely stir this all conteining barge.

Thou art a man as those whom thou hast slaine,

And some of them were better far then thou.

Seli. Strangle her Hali, let her fcold no more. Now let vs march to meet with Acomat, He brings with him that great Ægyptian bug, Strong Tonombey, Vlan-Cassanos sonne.

But we shall soone with our fine tempered swords, Engraue our prowesse on their buganets, Were they as mightie and as fell of force, As those old earth-bred brethren, which once

Heape

Heape hill on hill to scale the starrie skie,
When Briareus arm'd with a hundreth hands,
Flung foorth a hundreth mountaines at great Ioue,
And when the monstrous giant Monichus
Hurld mount Olimpus at great Mars his targe,
And darted cedars at Mineruas shield. Exeunt All.
Allarum. Enter Selimus, Sinam, Cali, Hali, and the Ianizaties, Sc. xxix
at one doore, and Acomat, Tonombey, Regan, Visfr, and their
fouldiers at another.

Seli. What are the vrchins crept out of their dens, Vnder the conduct of this porcupine? Doest thou not tremble Acomat at vs, To see how courage masketh in our lookes, And white-wing'd victorie sits on our swordes? Captaine of Ægypt, thou that vant'st thy selfe Sprung from great Tamberlaine the Scythia theese, Who bad the enterprise this bold attempt, To set thy seete within the Turkish consines, Or lift thy hands against our maiestie?

Aco. Brother of Trebisond, your squared words,
And broad-mouth'd tearmes, can neuer conquer vs.
We come resolu'd to pull the Turkish crowne,
Which thou doest wrongfully detaine from me,
By conquering sword from of thy coward crest.
Seli. Acomat, sith the quarrell toucheth none

But thee and me: I dare, and challenge thee.

Tonum. Should he accept the combat of a boy?

Whose vnripe yeares and farre vnriper wit

Like to the bold foole-hardie Phæton

That sought to rule the chariot of the sunne,

Hath mou'd thee t'vndertake an Empirie.

Seli. Thou that resoluest in peremptorie tearmes, To call him boy that scornes to cope with thee: But thou canst better vse thy bragging blade, Then thou canst rule thy ouerslowing tongue, Soone shalt thou know that Selims mightie arme

2440

2450

K

2460 Is able to ouerthrow poore Tonombey.

Allarum, Tonombey beates Hali and Cali in.
Selim beats Tonombey in. Allarum,

Sc. xxx Exit Tonombey.

Tonom. The field is loft, and Acomat is taken.

Ah Tonombey, how canst thou shew thy face
To thy victorious sire, thus conquered.

A matchlesse knight is warlike Selimus.

And like a shepheard mongst a swarme of gnats,
Dings downe the slying Persians with their swords.

2470 Twice I encountred with him hand to hand, And twice returned foyled and asham'd. For neuer yet since I could manage Armes, Could any match with mightie Tonombey, But this heroicke Emperour Selimus. Why stand I still, and rather do not slie The great occision which the victors make?

Exit Tonombey.

Sc. \*\*\*i Allarum. Enter Selimus, Sinam Baffa, with Acomat prifoner, Hali, Cali, Ianizaries.

2480 Seli. Thus when the coward Greeks fled to their ships,
The noble Hector all besmear'd in blood,
Return'd in triumph to the walles of Troy.
A gallant trophee, Bassaes haue we wonne,
Beating the neuer-foyled Tonombey,
And hewing passage through the Persians.
As when a lyon rauing for his praie,
Falleth vpon a droaue of horned balles,
And rends them strongly in his kingly pawes.
Or Mars arm'd in his adamantiue coate,

2490 Mounted vpon his firie-shining waine,
Scatters the troupes of warlike Thracians,
And warmes cold Hebras with hot streams of blood.
Braue Sinam, for thy noble prisoner,
Thou shalt be generall of my Ianizaries.

And

And Belierbey of faire Natalia. Now Acomat, thou monster of the world, Why floup'ft thou not with reuerence to thy king? Aco. Selim if thou have gotten victorie, Then vie it to thy contentation. If I had conquer'd, know affuredly I would have faid as much and more to thee. Know I disdaine them as I do thy felfe, And fcorne to ftoupe or bend my Lordly knee, To fuch a tyrant as is Selimus. Thou flew'ft my Queene without regard or care, Of loue or dutie, or thine owne good name. Then Selim take that which thy hap doth give, Difgra'ft, difplai'ft, I longer loath to liue. Seli. Then Sinam strangle him: now he is dead, Who doth remaine to trouble Selimus? Now am I King alone and none but I. For fince my fathers death vntill this time, I neuer wanted fome competitors. Now as the weerie wandring traueller That hath his steppes guided through many lands, Through boiling foile of Affrica and Ind, When he returnes vnto his natiue home: Sits downe among his friends, and with delight Declares the trauels he hath ouerpast. So maist thou Selimus, for thou hast trode The monfter-garden paths, that lead to crownes. Ha, ha, I fmile to thinke how Selimus Like the Ægyptian Ibis hath expelled Those swarming armies of swift-winged snakes, That fought to ouerrun my territories, When foultring heat the earths green childre spoiles From foorth the fennes of venemous Affrica, The generation of those flying snakes, Do band themselues in troupes, and take their way To Nilus bounds: but those industrious birds, Those K

Those Ibides meete them in set array,
And eate them vp like to a swarme of gnats,
Preuenting such a mischiefe from the land.
But see how vnkind nature deales with them:
From out their egges rises the basiliske,
Whose onely sight killes millions of men.
When Acomat listed his vngratious hands
Against my aged father Baiazet.
They sent for me, and I like Ægipts bird

But as from Ibis springs the Basilisk,
Whose onely touch burneth vp stones and trees.
So Selimus hath prou'd a Cocatrice,
And cleane consumed all the familie
Of noble Ottoman, except himselfe.
And now to you my neighbour Emperours,
That durst lend ayd to Selims enemies,
Sinam those Soldanes of the Orient,

This winter will we rest and breath our selues:
But soone as Zepbyrus sweete smelling blast
Shall greatly creep ouer the flourie meades,
Wee'll have a sling at the Ægyptian crowne,
And iowne it vnto ours, or loose our owne.

Aegipt and Persia, Selimus will quell,

Exeunt.

#### Conclusion.

Thus have we brought victorious Selimus, Vnto the Crowne of great Arabia: Next shall you see him with trinmphant sword, Dividing kingdomes into equal shares, And give them to their warlike followers. If this first part Gentles, do like you well, The second part, shall greater murthers tell.

FINIS.

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